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PUNCH

December
23
1953

PUNCH VOL XIV
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PUNCH OFFICE 10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E.C. 4

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ARE you interested in fuel economy? Do you care whether the fuel you buy is burned partially to waste, and the steam generated is or is not economically used? Fuel is often the most expensive material employed in industry and you cannot afford to treat it less carefully than any other item of your costs.

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WORKS: LONDON & CAMBRIDGE



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Marcovitch
BLACK AND WHITE
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25 for 5/5

Also **BLACK AND WHITE**
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"I'm awfully glad
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REDFYRE"



It's hard to believe that we spent so many years struggling with an old-fashioned grate that simply ate coal and made so much work every morning. But what a difference with our 'Redfyre'! It has all the warm-hearted appeal of an ordinary fire and is far more economical. It makes the most of whatever fuel we can get, burns continuously day and night, and keeps the whole place beautifully warm. And it's so attractive! From the moment we saw it there was no other fire for us. Yes, I'm awfully glad we bought a 'Redfyre'.

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From your local dealer—or send a postcard to:
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every Good Wish for the
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from
WILMOT BREEDEN

CHRISTMAS 1953



"Rich and Fragrant,
how truly named—
is it expensive?"



"Quite the reverse! It's most economical!"

"How much does it cost?"

"1/4½d. per quarter lb. That works out at a little more than 4d. a cup."

"4d. a cup! Good heavens, it is economical. It would be cheap at four times the price. What do you call it?"

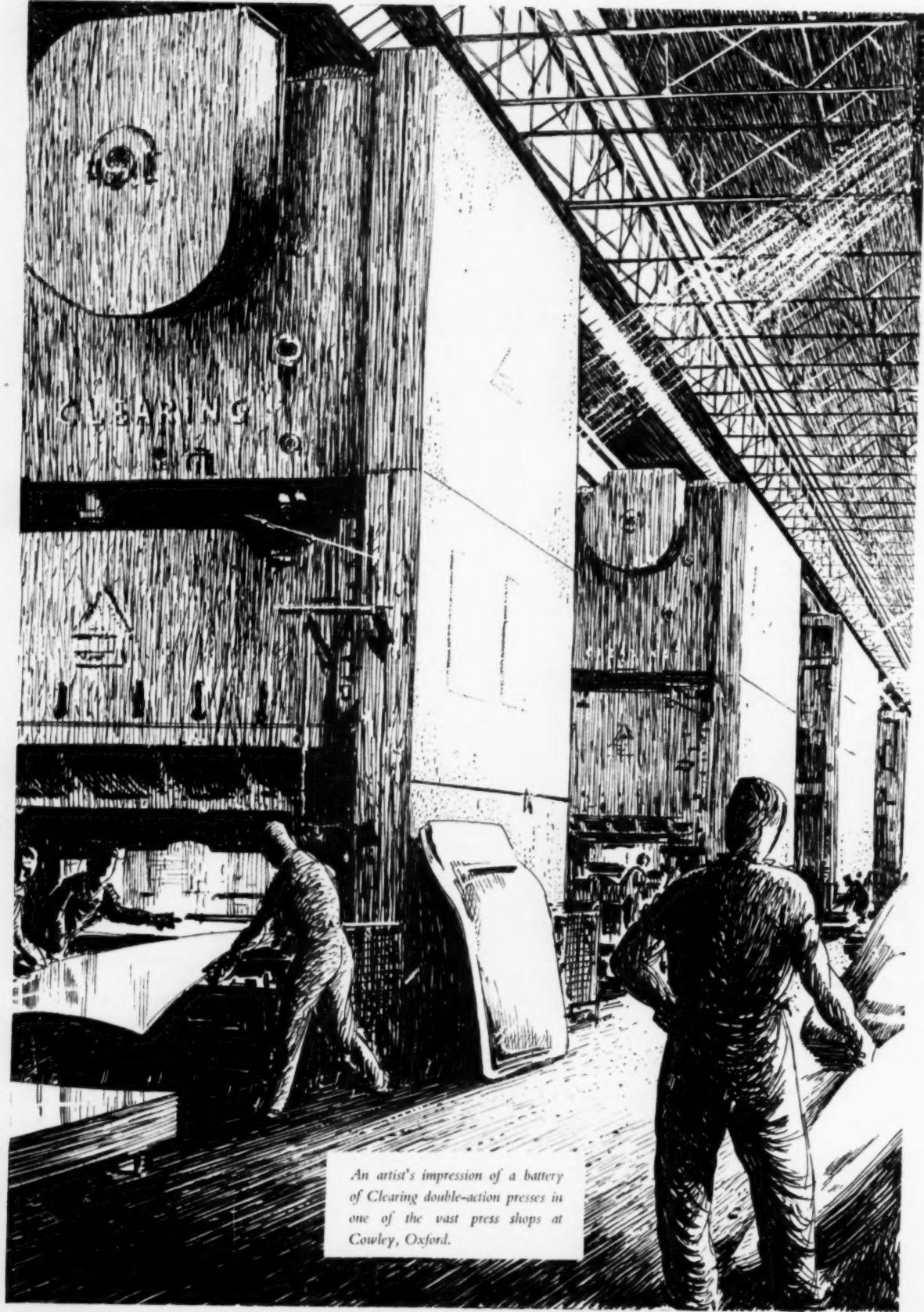
"Rich and Fragrant. It's a wonderful buy. And tea, remember, compares more than favourably in price with all other drinks."



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HORNIMANS
"Rich and Fragrant"

W. H. & F. J. HORNIMAN & CO. LTD.,
SHEPHERDESS WALK, LONDON, N.1 Established 1826



An artist's impression of a battery
of Clearing double-action presses in
one of the vast press shops at
Cowley, Oxford.

"The largest press shops in Europe, with over 350 power presses working with pressures up to 1,000 tons... a factory area at Cowley alone more than half the size of Hyde Park... Here, indeed, with its 12,000 and more workers, is one of Britain's greatest industrial enterprises."

cars in the making

FROM THESE IMMENSE presses come bodywork and pressings for many of the most famous names in the British motor-car industry, including Austin, Daimler, Hillman, Humber, Jaguar, Lanchester, Morris, Morris Commercial, M.G., Riley, Rover, Singer, Wolseley.

Pressed Steel Company Limited are the largest car body manufacturers in Britain and pioneers in this country both of pressed steel bodywork and unitary construction in quantity. The unequalled service of the Company to the British motor-car industry is founded on engineering and production facilities second to none, an organisation without parallel in Britain, and unsurpassed technical experience.

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PRESSED STEEL COMPANY LIMITED



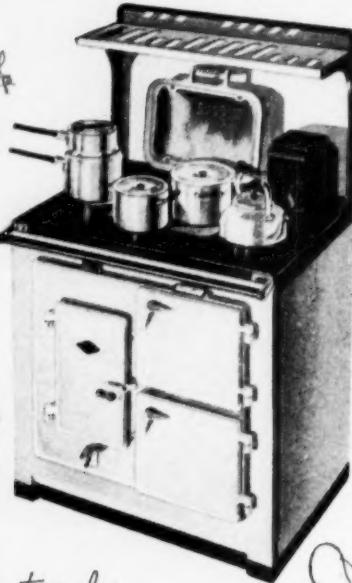
*Manufacturers also of Prestcold Refrigerators, Steel Railway Wagons,
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that life's easier
with an ESSE?*



*Madam, not only
is life easier, it's a
dashed sight more
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if I may say so!*

ESSE Heat Storage Cookers give you outstanding fuel economy with coke, anthracite or Phurnacite · constant hot water day and night · continuous 24-hour cooking service · thermostatic control · roomy 'fast' and 'slow' ovens · fast-boiling hotplate · handy simmering space · no soot or oven flues to clean. The famous 2-oven ESSE Fairy shown, costs £91.4.9 with boiler; £79.2.0 without boiler. Platerack and back panel extra. Write for free coloured catalogue of ESSE domestic models.

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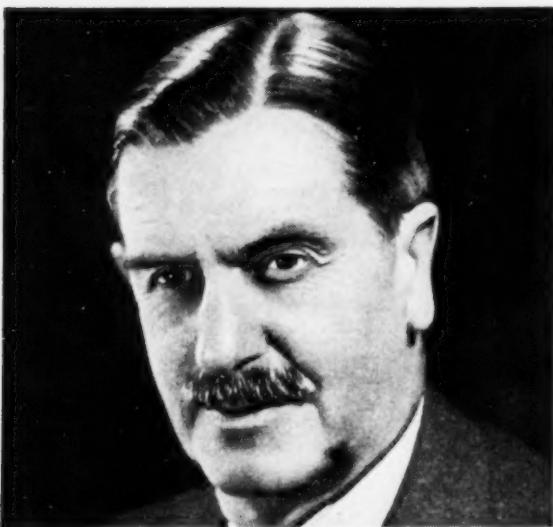
SMITH & WELLSTOOL LTD Est 1854
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*...and where hot water
is constantly required*



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EMPIRE LEADERS appeal for CANCER RESEARCH



THE RT. HON. SIR GODFREY M. HUGGINS
FORMER PRIME MINISTER OF SOUTHERN RHODESIA
writes:

"The desire for a solution to the grave problem of Cancer is international. For this reason, I am sure every right-minded person in the British Empire would wish to support your great research programme. I earnestly hope that this appeal will be over-subscribed and that your endeavours will be ultimately successful for the benefit of mankind the world over."

IMPERIAL CANCER RESEARCH FUND

Patron: Her Most Gracious Majesty The Queen

The Fund itself carries out Cancer Research in its own laboratories without State aid. New lines of research are starting: new equipment and extra staff are wanted. Please send a gift to The Treasurer, Mr. Dickson Wright, F.R.C.S., Royal College of Surgeons, 42 Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C.2

Lancashire Ravioli

Basic chemical ingredients are as vital to the world's textile industries as flour and salt are to the cook in the making of ravioli. One of these basic chemicals is the range of *Hydrosulphite*, essential for the dyeing of super-fast colours. The large independent company of Brotherton, established in 1878, is now one of the world's chief manufacturers of these basic chemicals.

A BIG NAME IN THE CHEMICAL WORLD

Brotherton

One of the world's largest manufacturers of hydrosulphites, liquid sulphur dioxide and benzene. Makes of an extensive range of Metachrome dyes for dyeing wool in all its forms.

Brotherton & Co., Ltd., City Chambers, Leeds, 1.
Also at Manchester, Glasgow, Wakefield,
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winter journey



how WE need never worry about threatened fuel cuts or increases in the price of coal because OUR TILLEY operates on ordinary Paraffin, and burns 12 hours on only 1½ pints!

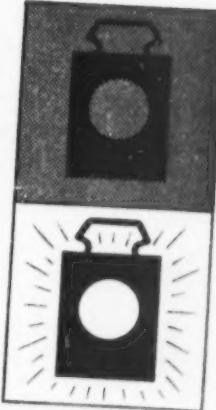
PRICE 84/- complete

If you would like to know more about the Tilley Radiator please write to:

THE TILLEY LAMP COMPANY LTD.
Dept. HT/P. 15 SACKVILLE ST., LONDON, W.I.

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THE DARK, YET...
BRILLIANT LIGHT
WHEN NEEDED**

Nife lamps do not deteriorate even when idle for long periods



Nife lamps owe their supreme reliability to the Nife steel alkaline battery. Nife cells never lose their charge or deteriorate when standing idle. Even after years of disuse, Nife portable lamps come brilliantly alight at the flick of the

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NIFE

PORTABLE LAMPS
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For leaflet giving detailed information on NIFE Portable Lamps — fill in this coupon and send to:— NIFE Batteries, Redditch, Worcestershire.

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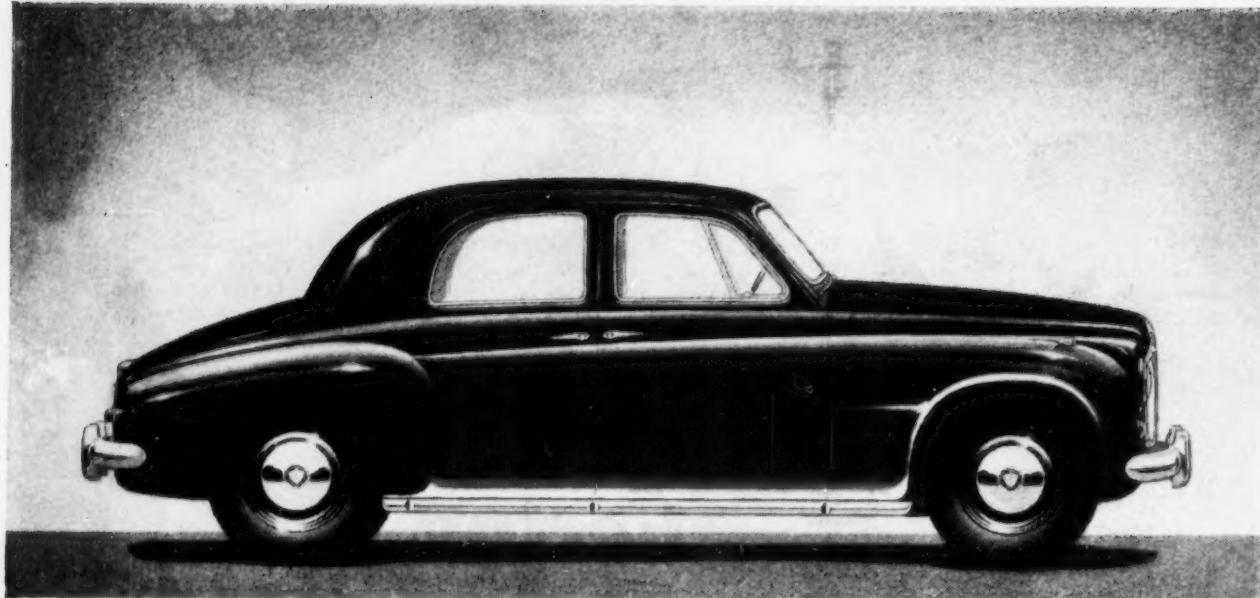
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N65C



*By Appointment to the late King George VI
Manufacturers of Land-Rovers
The Rover Co. Ltd.*

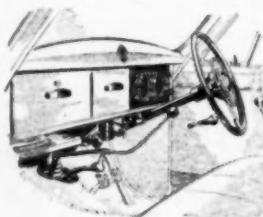


Continuity of Effort

CONTINUITY of effort in the search for an ideal has always been the guiding principle of Rover designers. Alert to apply the latest scientific discoveries, they have succeeded in producing cars which are a pleasure to look at, a delight to drive and offer a high resale value after long and trouble-free service.

For 1954 three models are presented—the "Sixty" (4-cyl. 2-litre), the already famous "Seventy-Five", and the "Ninety" (6-cyl. 2½-litre). Progress in design is exemplified by a number of improvements common to all three cars, including synchromesh on second, third and top gears, and a new central gear change. Rubber bushes and sealed bearings virtually eliminate grease-gun service.

The new direct control of the gears gives full leg-room for front seat passengers—three when necessary—and allows the driver to leave by nearside door, a notable safety feature in town traffic. Note also the sponge-rubber lined tool tray accessibly placed under the dashboard.



ROVER

ONE OF BRITAIN'S FINE CARS

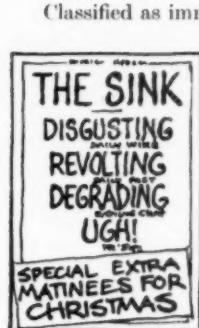
THE ROVER COMPANY LIMITED · SOLIHULL · BIRMINGHAM also DEVONSHIRE HOUSE · LONDON



CHARIVARIA

POST Office officials are said to be well pleased with the effect of their seasonable slogans this year. Many successfully indoctrinated customers are already inquiring about posting early for next Christmas.

The Chief Justice of the Court of Appeal of the American High Commission in Germany is reported to have gone on strike in Frankfurt. If the idea catches on, and recent proposals to increase the pay of American judges to \$40,000 a year go through, the question of strike pay may raise a serious problem.



On Friday next teams from east and west Berlin will oppose one another in a football match in the Soviet sector. Close observers of the situation in those parts think that it may be the last of a series.

The request by Post Office workers that no football coupons should be sent out in Christmas week caused grave anxiety among pools investors. Many of them, working on a system, were due to win about now.

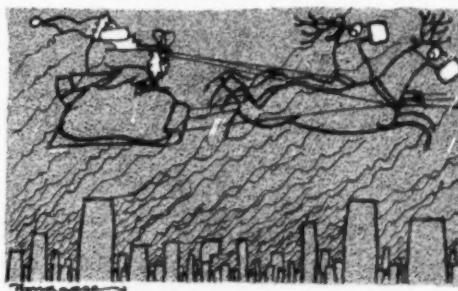
Ladies bathing from Cape Town beaches are now changing their clothes inside cylindrical canvas bags, with only their heads showing. Urgent representations to the authorities are to be made by the local proprietors of promenade telescopes.

Farmers are reported to be in unusually high spirits over the mild weather of recent weeks. Some even talk of applying for a Ministry permit to hold grumbles over into the New Year.

A Women's Institute in Essex has been running a knitting race. As husbands will shortly discover, it ended in the usual tie.

Wine, reports a *Daily Express* staff scientist, contains a germ-killing substance with similar properties to penicillin. Doctors are expecting a rush on their surgeries this week by *Daily Express* readers demanding National Health Service prescriptions.

According to a *Manchester Guardian* analysis of recent public opinion tests, a widely-flung questionnaire revealed that twenty-six per cent of Americans, nineteen per cent of French and forty-seven per cent of Italians were unable to answer the question: "What countries are fighting for the U.N. against the U.S. in Korea?" Full marks for tact, though.



Inferior fuel is causing epidemics of chimney fires in many districts. Department store Father Christmases, however, are not to regard this as an excuse for *sotto voce* references to their flaming whiskers.



LICHEN-crested granite towers appearing above wind-sashed Cornish elms, smoke coming from the boiler-house chimney on a Saturday afternoon when the stove has been lit for to-morrow's service: noble stone towers and spires in hunting country of the midlands: huge East Anglian fanes of flint and glass, with angel roofs inside them, old benches, crumbling screens and pale plastered walls: sturdy fortress-like churches of the north: Greek temples in the older industrial towns, and insisting through the roar of the traffic the tinkle from Tudor turrets or Renaissance steeples of bells calling to cedarwood altar pieces: brass chandeliers and ironwork recalling Lord Mayors and Aldermen and civic splendour: red-tiled church roofs of Kent and Sussex which glow like autumn fires above flint and stone walls: no country in the world has such a rich variety of old churches as England.

These buildings are the history of the people of the parish—the humbler under finely carved Georgian headstones, the grander commemorated by masterpieces of eighteenth-century marble in nave and chancel and side chapel. They are the living record, not the museum, of English craftsmanship. And where the Victorians have swept most of the Georgian work away, still enough remains for us to see in the eye of imagination how once the church looked when former generations worshipped in it.

Nor are the Victorians wholly to be condemned. When not restoring but starting from scratch they built some of the noblest churches we possess—St. Augustine's, Kilburn; St. Stephen's, Bournemouth; St. Augustine's, Pendlebury; Hoar Cross, Staffordshire; All Saints', Margaret Street, London; to name only a very few. More lately we have

THE FABRIC OF OUR FAITH

St. Peter's, Ealing; St. Mary's, Wellingborough; St. Cyprian's, Baker Street, London; and Christ Church, Brixton; of which we can be proud.

And the incumbents of our churches are as varied as our buildings: the back-slapping "padré," pipe-in-mouth and a central churchman; the saintly ascetic whom we call "Father"; the earnest evangelical who calls us "brother": these good, unworldly men, underpaid, overworked, often the targets of all village rancour, are being diverted from their work of ministering to the sick and feeding the souls of the faithful and converting indifference to belief, by having always to bother about money for the fabric of their churches.

And churches are not the only places of worship which the Historic Churches Trust Fund is to aid. Many beautiful Nonconformist chapels and meeting houses of the seventeenth, eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, austere Puritan with clear glass windows, towering pulpits and old high pews are also in need of repair. To these, too, some of the money will go.

The old churches and chapels of England had been kept in repair by their people's faith and efforts for many centuries. It is the custom to-day to say no one goes to

church and that is why we want so much money—£4,000,000 to help the parishes put their churches into repair. It is not the fault of the Church, which means parsons and people, that they are out of repair. People may not go to church to-day in such numbers as once did, but those who do go, go because they believe, not because they want to be thought respectable conformers. The bill for church repairs is enormous because during the war years little could be done in the way of small repairs to old churches, the clearing of gutters, the putting back of tiles in a roof or treating a damp patch. There was no one to do the work. By the end of the war, these small repairs had become major ones. When licences could again be obtained, church repairs had to compete for labour and materials with new houses, clinics and community centres and light industry. And money set aside in the war years was totally inadequate to meet the enormous bill for repairs at the inflated prices of the post-war years.

Yet what would England be without her old churches? Not the England we know and love. Too many bishops to-day, worried by finance and the need for new churches in the growing suburbs and new towns, show a lack of faith by shutting some of them, calling them redundant and selling the sites—often important ones in the heart of a city—in order to find money to build other churches and halls in the new suburbs. They then forget that a church as a building is a more lasting witness to our Christian faith than any bishop, vicar, churchwarden or congregation. A civilization is remembered and judged by her buildings. That is why every church, however remote and, maybe only temporarily, unsuccessful, must be kept in repair and open and alive. If we have any faith left, any love of what makes England beautiful and England for us, we will, whatever our version of the Christian faith, subscribe to the Historic Churches Trust until the £4,000,000 has been achieved.

JOHN BETJEMAN



PUNCH, December 23 1953

An appeal for £4,000,000 to help parishes to put their churches into repair has been launched by the Historic Churches Preservation Trust, Fulham Palace, London, S.W. 6.



*"We love the place, O God,
Wherein Thine honour dwells . . ."*

Cut this Out and Paste it Up

or pass it on to a friend

A QUIZ for young and old , without distinction as to sex , race , religion , or intelligence .

1. Which of the following has not said "Britain must clear out"?

- (a) Mr. De Valera
- (b) Mr. Nehru
- (c) Dr. Moussadek
- (d) General Neguib*
Colonel Nasser*
Major Salah Salem*
Dr. Mahmoud Fawzi*

* As the case may be

- (e) Mr. Jomo Kenyatta
- (f) Dr. Nkrumah
- (g) Mr. Azikiwe
- (h) Dr. Cheddi Jagan
- (i) The Kabaka of Buganda
- (j) Mr. Kingsley Martin

2. Congress is hamstrung because:

- (a) This is an election year
- (b) This is a pre-election year
- (c) This is a post-election year

3. The strong man of Albania is:

- (a) Flook
- (b) Bodger
- (c) Enver Hodja

4. Mrs. Clare Booth Luce:

- (a) Takes time by the forelock
- (b) Takes life as she finds it
- (c) Is the gift of fortune

5. Which is the most deserving of censure?

- (a) Sodom and Gomorrah
- (b) Sankey and Moody
- (c) Sodom and Man

6. U Tin Tut?

- (a) Thakin Nu
- (b) The Oni of Ife
- (c) Lord Mountbatten of Burma

7. Sir Osbert Sitwell is associated with:

- (a) The China Lobby
- (b) The Amalgamated Tape Sizers' Friendly Protection Society
- (c) Landscape gardening
- (d) Eventide Homes for the Aged
- (e) The Hindu Kush
- (f) The settlement of the General Strike

8. And Dr. Hans Schmidt-Isserstedt with:

- (a) The Leith police
- (b) Radio Free Europe
- (c) The Hall of Culture of the Matyas Rakosi coking plant at Lauchhammer
- (d) The Oder-Neisse line

9. Which of the following remains to be purged?

- (a) Red Hilde
- (b) Hildegarde
- (c) L. du Garde Peach

10. Which of the following have been debunked?

- (a) Mr. Gilbert Harding
- (b) The Boojum
- (c) Piltdown Man

11. Which of the following is indigenous to the British Isles?

- (a) Agitprop
- (b) The great-crested grebe
- (c) The Politburo
- (d) The Pollittburo

12. Consultation with friendly Powers is diplomatic jargon for:

- (a) Asking American permission
- (b) Seeking the approval of the United States
- (c) Getting the go-ahead from Ike

13. These questions are being answered:

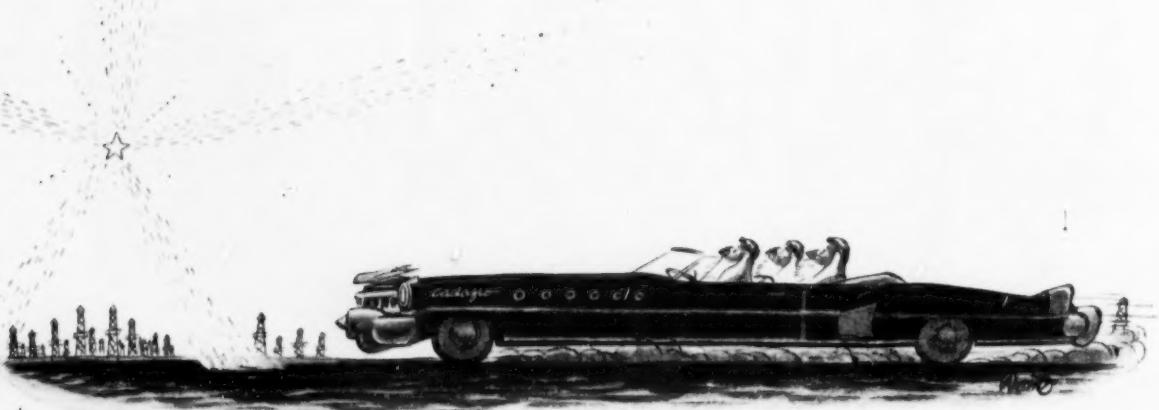
- (a) At the doctor's
- (b) At the dentist's
- (c) At the hairdresser's

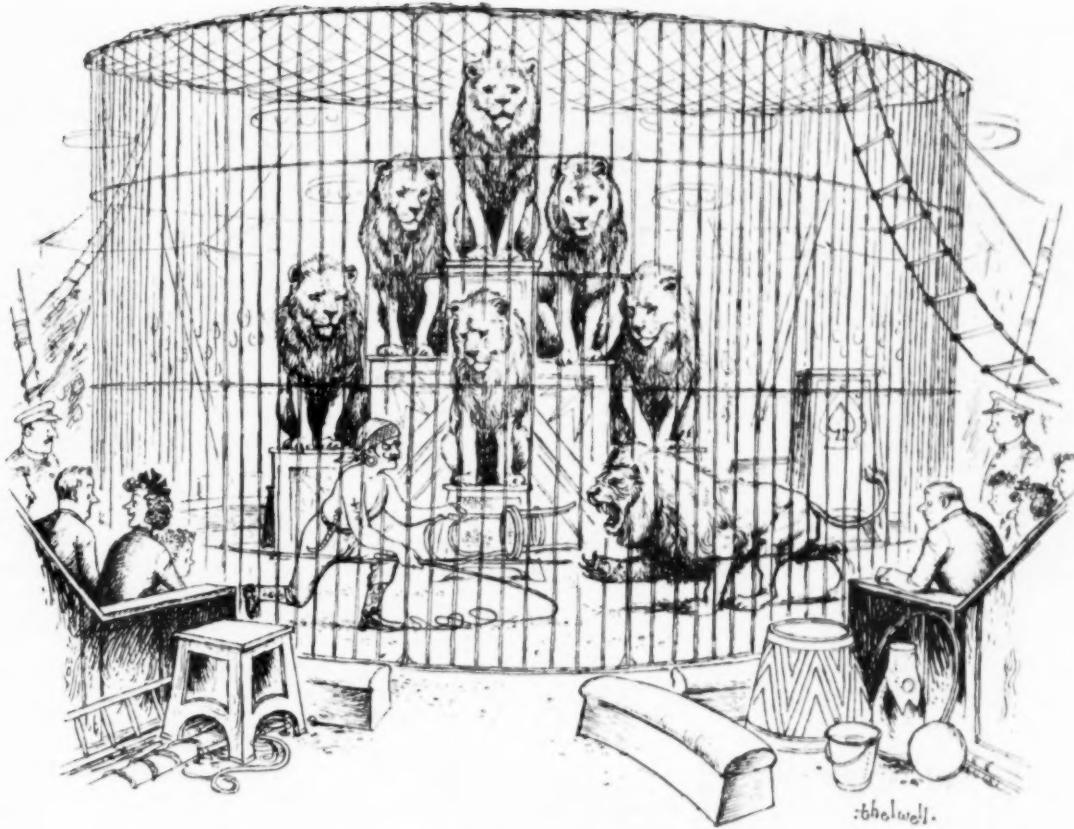
14. While we are on the subject:

- (a) Did you see that cartoon in *Punch*? . . . (Yes or No)
- (b) Did you hear that thing on the wireless? . . .
- (c) Did you read that bit in the paper? . . .

15. "Rights of Man for Vietnam" is the battle-cry of:

- (a) Billy Budd





"Isn't that like the chair in our kitchen?"

(b) Bao Dai

(c) Bo Peep

16. President Eisenhower:

(a) Plays golf

(b) Plays golf

(c) Plays golf

17. Place in ascending order of absurdity:

(a) Professor Piccard

(b) Mr. Bustamante

(c) Mr. Buster Keeton

(d) El Glaoui

(e) Mrs. Dale.

18. The Council of Europe is:

(a) A valuable sounding-board

(b) A valuable meeting-place

(c) A valuable talking-shop

(d) A valuable melting-pot

(e) A dead loss

19. Its coat of arms is:

(a) A mace recumbent on

a field of inquiry.
Motto: *Per Ardua ad Hoc.*

(b) A framework sinister under a furled umbrella. Motto: *Kyrie Liaison* (O Lord, Keep us in touch)

20. Senator McCarthy is a thorn in the flesh of:

(a) Cohn

(b) Schine

(c) Scott

(d) Whaley

(e) Egg-heads

(f) Rhode Island Reds

21. "Politic, cautious and meticulous; full of high sentence but a bit obtuse." This description is of:

(a) J. Alfred Prufrock

(b) J. Foster Dulles

(c) J. Fred Muggs

22. Izvestia:

(a) Russian for *Tribuna!*

(b) Polish for *Rude Pravo!*

(c) Czechoslovak for *Svabad Nep!*

(d) Hungarian for *Pravda!*

Score yourself as follows:

15-22: *Capricorn*: Progress in financial matters will require practical steps.

10-15: *Virgo*: Avoid drastic decisions on matters which do not concern you.

5-10: *Gemini*: Take a strong line but give in to others.

0-5: *Scorpio*: A bit obtuse.

8 8

"Wanted, open Monday, experienced juvenile actress for rept. tour; also good Gent. Character. Both must be experienced or useless." — *The Stage*
Not likely to be both, certainly.

More Ivy than Holly

BY F. J. A. CRUSO

(after I. C*mpt*n - B*rn*tt)



O, my four great children," said Hilary, "here are your friends coming and your Aunt tiring herself out in preparation for Noel's birthday party and the Christmas entertainment. I do not know whether you suppose she enjoys getting no peace? I do not know if you think she inclines that way?"

"We tended to think she did, Father," said Grace.

"It must be pleasant to be so constantly reminded of one's moral superiority," said Vivian.

"Especially when the experience involves irritating others," said Noel.

"Like always eating one's Christmas cake and always having it," said three-year-old Frank, enclosing the thought in the framework of his own interests.

"Why does Aunt Georgie hate us all so?" said Vivian.

"Now bustle, bustle," said Georgiana, entering with a bright smile. "Put this dish here and this there. Noel, you do not feel disposed to do your share on Christmas day and at your own birthday party? That is not your line?"

"Why should Mr. Noel?" said a loud voice at the door. "It is for us to do our share for him. Yes,

to-day of all days that must assuredly be our part."

Tufnell Cary, the rector of the parish, was a blond, bald man of forty-nine with a trivially-moulded nose set in twitching, insipid features and with an inquiring spade-shaped expression. His sister Teresa's face indicated all her brother's stupidity without any of his curiosity.

"A merry Christmas, Mr. Noel, and the manyest happy returns of the day," said Cary. "And we have brought you the best present we can bring—our two own workaday selves."

"Why is that their best present?" said Grace.

"One can understand the first part of what he said," said Vivian. "Cary does not often get invited to parties."

"Many happy returns of Christmas day, Noel," said Teresa, brushing the crumbs from her face as she relinquished a dish.

"The superlative was beyond Teresa," said Vivian.

"Dignity flowers even in the dust," said Grace.

"Come, boys, come, Grace—what are you thinking of?" said Hilary. "Here is Aunt Georgie doing all the work, and I have already seen the rector empty his sherry glass seven times without any of you stepping forward to fill it."

"Miss Georgiana," said Cary, "may I drink to what I think I can call without committing an error the presiding goddess of this Christmas celebration?"

"Can he?" said Grace.

"Just," said Vivian.

The next arrivals, Alan Stokes and his twin sister Vera, entered the room with a tripping gait, as though their appearance were itself a species of entertainment. Behind them came Dr. Venables, a solid, exhausted-looking man with nervous triangular eyes and a fulfilled nose, and his cousin Sarah, in whom an obscure fantasy of speech was linked with a more obvious vacuity of mind. A secret admiration for the rector was the only one of her emotions which



Henry Corden

she had succeeded in rendering wholly plain.

"Here is our present, Noel," said Alan. "I am waiting for you to unwrap it and say that only I could have thought of anything so charming. Vera chose it and I do not even know what it is. But I must be told that it was characteristic of me to think of it or this party will not be a success for me."

"Success, Mr. Stokes, comes to those who deserve it," said Cary. "I am sure that for Miss Georgiana this party must be beyond peradventure a success."

"Cary looks as though he would like to swallow Aunt Georgie, doesn't he?" said little Frank, once more revealing his preoccupations.

"It is a new thought that Aunt Georgie is admirable," said Grace.

"Only Noel knew it before," said Vivian. "That is why she hates him most of all."

"Time makes all things plain," said Sarah, watching Noel unwrap the present.

"That must be a comfort to Sarah," said Vivian.

"Is Cary included in the saying?" said Frank.

"You are confusing Time and Nature," said Grace.

"How are your headaches, Noel?" said Dr. Venables. "I trust that the attack of last Christmas has not returned."

"Thank you, my friends are driving away my low spirits. That is certain," said Noel.

"Ah, if we could only be certain of anything!" said Sarah in a deep low voice and with a glance in Cary's direction.

"Come, Noel," said Georgiana, "the Christmas-birthday cake is here and I have cut the first slice for you to eat."

She held out the plate to Noel, who ate the slice. A frightful convulsion immediately followed and he fell to the ground. Georgiana left the room with a satisfied expression, followed by Hilary, as Dr. Venables knelt down.

"He is dead," he said.

"Sarah's wish is answered," said Vivian.

"I hope you are noticing how well I am behaving, Vera," said

Alan. "I am always at my best in a difficult situation."

Hilary now returned.

"It was the cook," he said, "the cook had in error put too much of a certain ingredient into the cake. She has confessed and left the house."

"And what a relief it must be to you, Sir Hilary," said Cary, "to know that it is now clear that the least breath of suspicion you might have harboured against anyone else is now dispelled. Not, I mean, that in the present case it does not go without saying that . . . but I take it my meaning is clear."

"How hard these clear things are to express sometimes," said Vivian.

"What, in our house?" said Grace.

"Vera," said Alan, "I feel sure the time has come for us to depart with our unconscious tact and knowledge of the right moment. We have enjoyed our Christmas party. At least we have not done that, but we will say so because we know that some things are thought to be better unsaid. We shall call to-morrow in our friendly and naïve way."

"Yes; you and I, my children, will be a new family without your brother," said Hilary. "Your Aunt especially will feel the loss. We must try to purify our thoughts and be even more unselfish for her sake."

"Father is a wonderful man," said Grace.

"Aunt Georgie is even more wonderful," said Vivian.

"Yes, my boy, yes, that is a true word," said Hilary. "Ah well, we shall not be long with you, we older folk. For us the shadow comes soon; for you . . ."

". . . it is a case of eat, drink and be merry for to-morrow we die," said Frank.

"Frank overestimates the length of time required between cause and effect," said Grace.



PERSONAL

THE charges for insertion in this column of mine
Are ten guineas a line:
Which comes higher than *The Times'*
Personal,
But then that is not written in verse
an' all.

WHY PAY tremendous prices for holly?
You will find it remunerative and jolly
To pay a midnight visit to your neighbour's wood. Holly's free
With ONESNIP SECATEURS (15/-, C.O.D.).

STALAG 81 REUNION! On Christmas Eve,
At the Café de la Guerre, W.I. We will receive
All old Kriegies who are able To come. Guest of Honour: our old Feldwebel,

Jolly Fritz Braun, of the S.S.
Dinner will be in messes.

COLONIAL IRRIGATION. We have the solution
To any trouble you have with your Constitution.
Free treatment provided, Westminster area, gaily
By Left-Wing Pressure Group, sessions daily.

THE SCROOGE SOCIETY, after successful intrigue,
Has changed its address for this season to the "Save B.B.C. Television" League.

PERSONAL

GRATEFUL THANKS to St. Anthony for the recovery
Of my turkey, mislaid in Llandovery.

FOR FESTIVE SEASON! Cosy corners Guest-house
Is a rest-house.
Come for solid, sober re-creation
(Fifty minutes from Tring Station).
Guests refined, permanent, including

one Hon.;
H. and C. several bedrooms, occasional mod. con.
Wireless in handy boot-cupboard (no crooners).
Strict ban on dogs, children and honeymooners.
Guessing games and paper hats for Xmas tea,
One cracker per guest, free,
Diet designed to purify blood,
And excellent nearby walks in curative mud.

Recommended by Lord and Lady Meekley.
Forty guineas weekly.

FURNISHED FLAT, Battersea (Box 100), with tenant's repairs,
One room, wash-basin, use of stairs,
Also one-ring gas-stove cooking permit.
Suit subaltern on Christmas leave, sportsman accustomed safari, or hermit.

I STOPPED my craving for Brandy Butter!
Write free booklet, S. Bonarjee, (B.A.) Calcutta.

PERSONAL

LIBERAL PARTY Grand Get-Together

Boxing Day, 9.15 p.m., weather Permitting. At restaurant Aux Pompes Funèbres, Soho.

Do all come! (Small back room, knock twice and ask for Joe.)

THE COMMISSIONER for Metropolitan Police

Announces that, at this time of goodwill and peace,
All door locks and burglar alarms should be examined and if necessary mended,
And no cars left unattended,
And that an all-night vigil should be kept by you and me
On the children's presents hanging on the Tree.

WRITE BOX 2004 to Rural Dean, Ex-public-school, willing, clean, Free after Matins, Dec. 25, for any extra duties of the season,
Go anywhere, do anything in reason.

WHILL GENTLEMAN who kissed Young lady (pink hat, slave bangle on wrist)

Under mistletoe yesterday in Hamps- stead pub
Meet her fiancé, Boxing Day, National Sporting Club?

FINALLY, Mr. Less'n'l Hal* distributes his best wishes
For a merry Christmas, and a happy washing-up of dishes.

LIONEL HALE

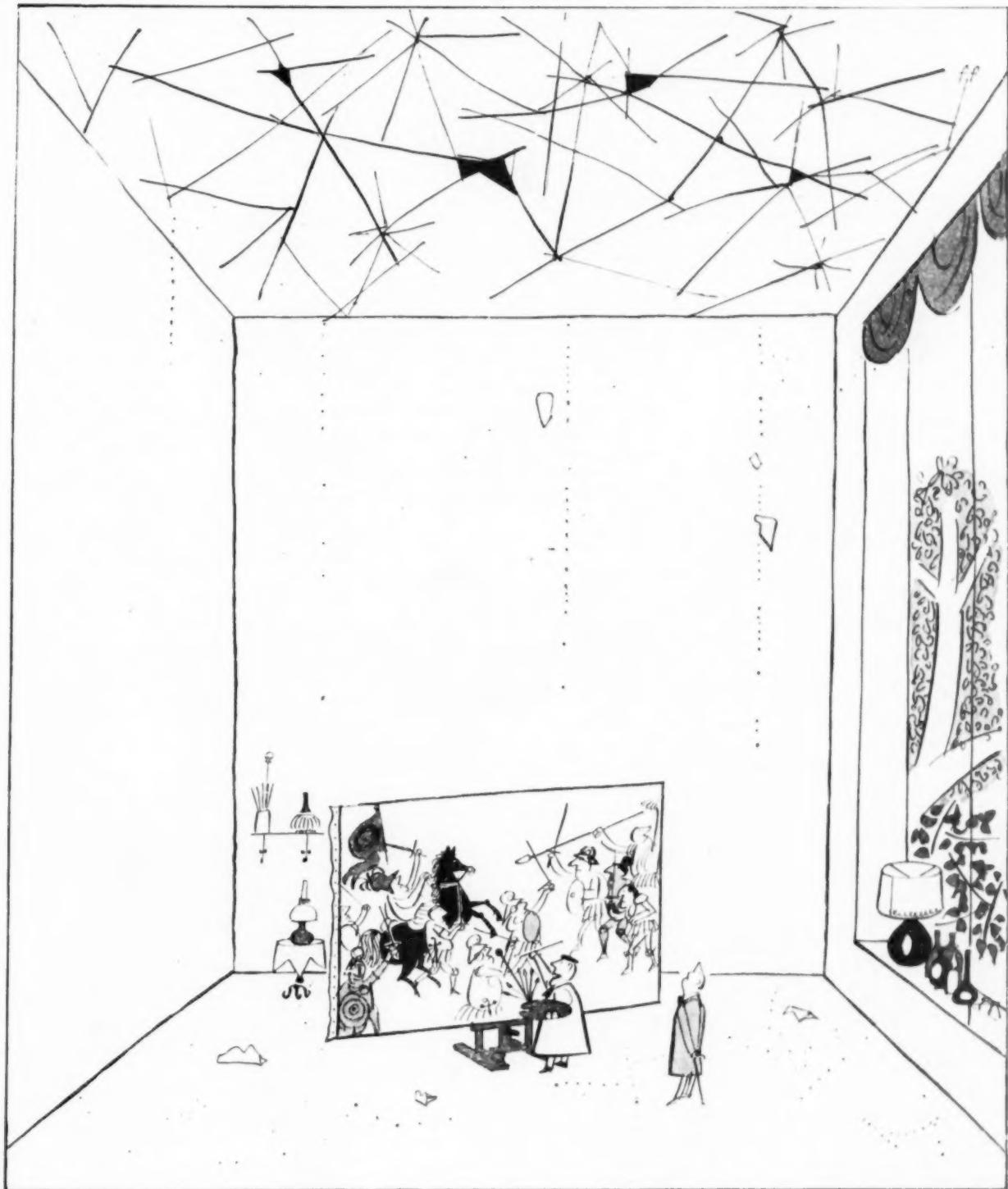
*Life with Claudia***CLARET CUP**

What a dreary collection of people!

They're really rather fun!

All madly amusing, and so good-looking . . .

What on earth was in that Cup?



"Sculptor chap working upstairs on the same subject."

Peter and Myxomatosis

BY GIDEON TODE

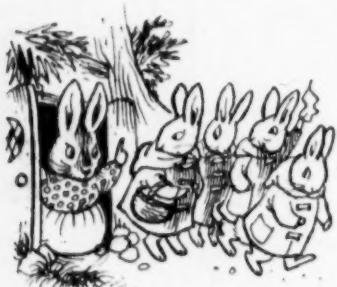
ONCE upon a time there were four little Rabbits, and their names were:

Flopsy,
Mopsy,
Cottontail,
and Peter.

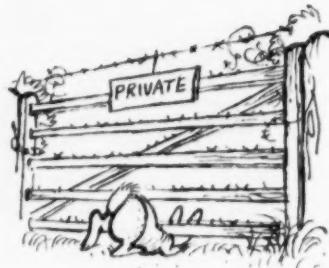
They lived with their mother in a sand-bank, underneath the root of a very big fir-tree. Such a funny house! There were no dark old-fashioned passages. There was a kitchenette and a larder. There was also the bedroom where they all slept in bunks.



"Now my dears," said old Mrs. Rabbit one morning, "you may go into the fields but don't cross the by-pass, and whatever you do, don't go near Professor McGregor's laboratory. Your father met with an accident there. He died for science."



Flopsy, Mopsy, and Cottontail crossed the fields to the grocer's to buy a tin of carrots. But Peter, who was very maladjusted, ran straight away towards the Professor's laboratory and squeezed under the gate.



First he ate some hedge-parsley, then he approached the laboratory. There was an inner and an outer laboratory. Peter heard a hum coming from the inner one; he crept into the outer laboratory and hopped on to the window sill to look in.

There he saw the Professor and the Pest Officer bending over a cauldron.



"With this serum," the Professor was saying with a rich chuckle, "we shall be able to exterminate every—" but at that moment he looked up and saw Peter. "Ha! Ha! A specimen!" he cried, and waving a hypodermic syringe, he gave chase.



Peter was most dreadfully frightened; he rushed all over the laboratory, for he had forgotten the way back by the door. He lost one of his shoes when the Pest Officer nearly caught him and another when Professor McGregor threw a retort.

He tore his duffle coat. Finally he hid under an earthenware jar.

Luckily for Peter, the Professor's wife came in at that moment to announce that lunch was ready.



"What have you been doing?" she asked. "You're so red in the face."

"Just chasing a specimen," answered the Professor.

"You're too old for that sort of thing. Just look at yourself in the glass and see what a state you're in."

Professor McGregor went to the glass to tidy himself. Suddenly he cried out "I've got it!"

"Where?" shouted the Pest Officer, thinking he meant Peter.

But the Professor turned round and pointed to his face; it was already starting to swell.



"Don't you see?" he said. "that disease I've been giving to the animals—I've caught it myself," and he pronounced in a whisper the horrible word

"MYXOMATOSIS."

Mrs. McGregor gave a scream and fainted.

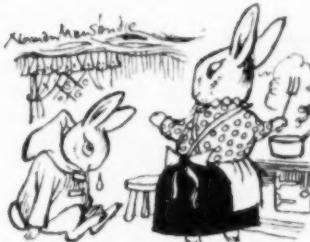
Peter, seeing his chance, crept through the door and ran towards the gate. As he had lost his shoes, he ran on four feet and so went rather faster.



Peter never stopped running or looked behind him till he got home to the big fir-tree.

He was so tired that he flopped down upon the nice rubberized floor of the rabbit hole and shut his eyes. His mother was busy cooking. She

wondered what he had been doing to his clothes. It was the second duffle coat that Peter had torn in a fortnight.



Later that evening they heard that a large van had come and taken Professor McGregor, Mrs. McGregor, and the Pest Officer off to the Isolation Hospital.

I am sorry to say that Peter was not very well when his mother came to put him to bed. He had a bad pain in the back and Dr. Burrows-Knott, the specialist, was called in. But Dr. Burrows-Knott told Mrs. Rabbit that she needn't worry as Peter had only slipped a disc; he wrapped him up in plaster and told him to take things quietly for a few weeks.

2 2

Not This Year

BY A. P. H.

NO, children, not this year. It will not do.
Grandpa was easy in the past, we know,
A tiny pipe, a safety match or two,
Pipe-cleaners fastened with a blue silk bow.
Uncles and aunts might be a dubious bet,
But every grandchild knew
What grandpapa would like to get
At Christmas '52.
Nor was there any awkwardness or blame
If every grandchild gave him just the same.

All that is done,

My son.

You must, my lad,
Devise a present of some other type:
It's very sad,

But grandpapa has given up his pipe.

Yes, the dear dirty things
Are put away,
And from the wings
Observe the tragic play,
Poor grandpa sucking bull's-eyes now and then,
A sight to shock all decent-minded men.

But still, three cheers!

For more than forty years,
Like some fine horse on which they place
Distressing weights before the race,
He swayed and staggered through the earthly scene
Under the handicap of nicotine,
Drugged, blinded, stupefied,
Swimming against the tide,
The heart in mutiny, likewise the lung,
With deadly danger to the throat and tongue,

Almost insane, and practically dying,
(That is, if doctors are not simply lying).

Yet he was pretty good, they say,
Leaped lightly over brook and wall,

And sometimes showed the way

To smug young colts who never smoked at all.
So now, of these foul burdens free,
How he will bound about!
O what a gee grand-dad will be!
Let the world look out!



The Century of the Common Child

BY LORD KINROSS

IN this festive Century of the Common Child the Christmas annuals reveal a March of Progress sadly unfamiliar to his backward parents. Its most notable exponent is Mr. Edward Hulton, whose four-square effigy, stern but humane, confronts the world—or at least the readers of the advertisement columns—midway between the skeleton of a new skyscraper and the tower of an old church. He assumes the crusading pose of one of his own strip heroes: a Jeff Arnold of the West End slough rather than the Wild West prairie, a Dan Dare of the social rather than the solar system. Exploring "the Best and Worst of Britain," Mr. Hulton confers nothing short of the Best on Common Boy in *Eagle* and Common Girl in *Girl*.

The evangelist behind this Evangelist is a certain Reverend Marcus Morris, once the incumbent of a modest living in Southport, Lancs., now the earner of a substantial one in Fleet Street, E.C.4.

Mr. Morris, sandy-haired, pale-eyed, alert and inventive, once edited, in a clerical collar, a parish magazine of strip cartoons called *Anvil*, for eight thousand adolescent souls. To-day, in Mr. Hulton's wider parish, changing his collar for a silk one and his waistcoat for a yellow one, enlisting the aid of a child psychologist and educational adviser, he edits *Eagle* and *Girl* for four million.

The millennial world into which Mr. Morris introduces these souls is, in the first place, one from which social distinctions have vanished. Its chief figure of fun is the Snob, Harris Tweed, in monocle and old school tie, who is bitten by a lobster for being rude to a waiter. Mr. Purce, the new games master (now "football trainer") at Northbrook School, says "I don't care what you call me, only I do draw the line at 'Sir.' I wasn't the officer type myself when I was in the mob."

The class-conscious new boy, Tom Coppernick, comes not from a stately home but from a fun fair.

He "never wanted to come to a sissy school in the first place"; says to the "three J's" (one of them called Eccles) "I don't want any friends. Not your sort anyhow"; refuses to be treated by Eccles to doughnuts and ginger pop because "My money's as good as yours"; but finally becomes "keen on the school" and, from the resources of his previous self-education, helps Eccles and Co. with their geometry homework in return for half-bars of nut-milk chocolate. ("We really need you at Northbrook.")

It is true that Waldorf, the Oliver Twist-like boy-of-all-work at Ghastly Hall, shows traces of snobbery, being pleased to discover (from a hidden letter signed "A. Ghastly, Lord") that he is really Lord Ghastly and that his Fagin-like boss is, in fact, his butler. But in true Common style he sits down to share the ancestral fortune with Cecil the Tramp.

The girls of *Girl* may dream of unexpected legacies or discoveries of



"Sometimes I wish I'd married into an eleven-a-side game."

hidden treasure, with its glitter of jewels. But they find their heroes in bureaucrats rather than aristocrats: in Sir Robert Parks, for example, the Chairman of the Highlands Development Board, who as a reward for heroism presents Robbie, the Orphaned Scots Girl, with a cheque for £1,500 for the welfare of the villagers displaced from their lands by a hydro-electric reservoir.

Unluckily the principle of aristocracy still survives on the planet of Saturn, with its surrounding moons. Blasco, the Saturnine dictator who plans to become Emperor of the Earth and has founded a W.E.B., or World Empire Bureau, to further his aims, declares: "In Saturnia they do not believe as you do that all men are brothers and should have an equal chance in life. In their worlds all are made to work for the glory and happiness of the great ruling families of Titan."

Dan Dare, Pilot of the Future, the he-man with the rugged post-Piltdown jawbone, is at present foiling his dark designs in Operation Saturn, just as he has foiled other threats in the past. In 1999 the self-governing peoples of China, Japan, Russia and Origina (formerly Asia) were "engaged in a mighty drive to end poverty and squalor. Individual liberty is secure, regardless of race, colour or creed, under the elected World Federal Government and the protection of the incorruptible United Nations police." But now, "after years of rising standards," a new menace hung in the sky. It was an asteroid, a red moon hurtling towards the Earth. Dan Dare built a giant green chlorophyll light, right out in the stratosphere, and so it was diverted.

But the warfare in space, among Treens and Therons and Thorks, continues. "Day after day the chase goes on deeper into the solar system—through the orbit of Venus and beyond—where space ships have never been before—nearer and nearer to the Sun." Thus the Common Child grows up familiar with the workings of the astral communications room at Interplanetary Space H.Q.; its clean-limbed, greying chairman of committees, Sir Hubert (only one degree less handsome than his

colleague, Sir Clive Cecil, head of MI5); and his secretary Miss Peabody, who has permed blonde hair and "a basic idea for a solution" (not Jane's).

Common Boy can grasp all the complexities of magnetic storms in sun-spot cycles, or of the telesender, which dissolves man into his atomic components and transmits him to the planets by radio. He is at home in a world of helicabs and telegyros, magnetic grapnels and electronic brains, stereoviewers, lock-wave tuners, antisol glare-shields and disintegron rays. He knows just what is implied by such phrases as "I'm giving her a crash-boost straight up into space," his favourite exclamation is "Supersonic!" and he amuses himself at home firing flying-saucers from Dan Dare planet-guns.

Meanwhile, with war in the skies, there is peace and goodwill on Earth. The Hulton millennium proceeds. International—distinct from interplanetary—quarrels are no more. All men are now brothers. Jap and Chink, Dago and Nigger, Wog and Frog are names forgotten. Diplomatically, in the interests of world harmony, Mr. Morris makes all his villains Englishmen. The native is the friend of the right against the wrong kind of white man ("Helm Sahib and Samson Wallah bad men," warns the faithful Ram Jingh. "No go, Missy Tess").

Mr. Morris discourages the go-getting competitive spirit. All work together for the Common benefit. The boys' club gang co-operates with the police to track the criminal. "There's forgery in the district," says P.C. 49. "All you chaps must help by keeping 'obbo' for suspicious characters." Virtue is preached surreptitiously, through the martial exploits of St. Louis ("no sissy"), Alfred the Great ("O heathen Dane! Get him,



"It's a strange sort of noise—rather like hair-pins being dropped into a plastic tea-cup."

Christians!"), or "Soldier Joan," of Arc ("Golly, the Bull! Lie still, man. Fake dead. I'll deal with him").

Life in the Hulton millennium, with the *Riders of the Range* and the *Luck of the Legion, Great Escapes* and *These Men Live Dangerously*, is adventurous. But there is at the same time a respect for the intellect. The "sap" of the past is the Star Pupil of to-day. When Giglamps Foster says "I do want to get top marks," it is "Three cheers for the old bookworm!" Knowledge is all the rage. Common Boy learns of the mysteries of Fishing by Echosounding, the Conquest of Mount Everest, or the extraction of Phosphates from a Coral Island; Common Girl how to Prepare Grape-fruit, Make a Cross-stitch Belt or Enjoy a Country Walk.

For her, especially, the career's the thing: *I want to be a Beautician* ("Joyce leaves school this term. Interested in make-up, she has got a job at the beauty centre of a local store"); *I want to be a Saleswoman* ("Jennifer loved to play 'shops' when she was a child, and now that she's left school she is a junior saleswoman in a local store"); *I want to be an Air Stewardess . . .* *I want to be a Games-Mistress . . .*

If only Saturn can be kept at bay, the outlook for Mr. Hulton's human race looks bright enough.

Non-Arty-Craftiness at Christmastide

BY DANIEL PETTIWARD,
NON-R.A. ELECT

CHIRSTMAS is a season bursting not only with Good Cheer but also with simply splendid opportunities for the non-artistic joke illustrator who uses his head as well as for his more conservative colleague who prefers to peg away with pencil, pen, ink, india-rubber and paper.

Statistics show, however, that an inability to decide which way up the berries go on mistletoe is alone responsible for driving nearly sixty per cent of our non-artists away from their non-drawing boards during the drowsy Christmas-Number-Sending-In weeks, while fear of facing up to reindeers, Father-Christmas robe-phobia and common cracker-anxiety-neurosis are regrettably rife in our non-art colonies and account for at least another twenty per cent of non-starters.

Throughout the season I am overwhelmed with requests for easy methods of overcoming these difficulties (a simple pattern for "mixed Hissing and Clapping" is in constant demand), and my invariable answer is "If you are not sure how to draw something or part of something Christmassy—*keep it out of sight*. Draw instead any standard non-seasonable non-art subject and **WORK THE JOKE ROUND TO IT.**"

CHRISTMAS IS THE KIDDIES' TIME

This year's Christmas quips are showing every sign of continuing to be of the guided-missile, "Aunt Maud can remember Mother Goose on land" kind, and below is illustrated how this class of humour can be profitably handled, using absolutely no properties other than one regulation horn-rimmed non-art, non-export infant exactly as prescribed in our elementary manual, with the slight exception that for extra topicality the hemline has been raised to calf-level, exposing both feet



which have here been treated in the new simplified concrete door-post manner.

SOME ELEMENTARY NON-ART FORMS

On the other hand there are any number of actual Yuletide subjects which non-artists and non-arty types in general do not seem to have realized that they can perfectly well draw if they want to. Foremost among these is "Deer Farther Crissmis" correspondence. Rule out a parallelogram and write in it with your non-writing hand something in the nature of "Deer Farther Crissmis Pliz I wood like sum choklitz with clorrefill

senters," or "Deer Santer Clors I would like a dolly tea sett if yew can get it safley threw the soudn barryer." Then add a suitable signature with one medium-sized blot in the middle of it and either pin it (i.e. draw it pinned) to a non-art chimney or chimney-piece—see pages 23-37 of the present writer's *Some Little-Known Aspects of Contemporary Non-Architecture* (Nonartsuch Press)—or simply add a non-art thumb (copied from your own) and there you are.

SNOW-MEN INTO YES-MEN

Other objects well within the grasp of non-artists



are seasonable frightening-faced balloons, non-art golliwogs, certain forms of bathroom bird-life, wavy woolly-bears and above all snow-men.

To produce a convincing snow torso, place a preferably empty boot or similar object on a piece of snow-white paper and draw carelessly round the toe-cap. Then take a fairly clean peseta or similar . . . but really there can be no need for me to continue. Nation-wide tests by Professor Autoburster (Littlehampton's Dr. Kinsey) have convincingly demonstrated that the number of persons over the age of five unable to draw a recognizable snow-man without the aid of instruments can be counted on the fingers of an average hand, and every one of this bunch have been amply compensated for their disappointment by being extensively represented in the Tate Gallery, Millbank.

What, however, should be of special interest to nervous non-artists and has remained practically unrecognized until now is that snow-men may be drawn up to any quantity so long as the paper holds out and *need not be accompanied by human beings*. Furthermore—and here is a simply wizard idea bang in line with alleged current-reader-mentality and recently patented by this office for the exclusive use of registered non-artists—snow-men (and frightening-faced balloons, non-art golliwogs, certain forms of bathroom bird-life and wavy woolly-bears) may now be shown ENTERING INTO CONVERSATION WITH EACH OTHER.

SUFFER GHOULS GLADLY

For the slightly more advanced non-artist there are

Seasonable Spectres. The charm of these is that their outline is entirely arbitrary (permitting almost unbridled non-artistic licence) and may, if desired, be even more wavy than that of wavy woolly-bears.

SNIGGERING AT SIGNIFICANT NON-FORM

There are also several tremendously popular all-the-year-round topics which non-artists who are after the big money are strongly advised to master and fit up with seasonable jokes. In the specially devised, readily convertible, grand Christmas Number scene depicted below, two seasonable spectres have been teamed up with some non-reasonable sculpture.



The joke supplied here is only one of dozens which leap to the well-geared mind. As a possible addition to the fun the foreground figure might be labelled "Miss Edith Partington-Smales, C.B.E., Dip.Ec., Principal of Hollingbourne College of Advanced Technology," and provided with thought bubbles and a personal balloon containing an outsize astral question mark.

NOTE.—For contours of figure draw round outline of mangled glue tube or freak potato, perforate freely and add noughts and crosses to taste.

ANY MORE FOR HENRY MOORE?

If you have enjoyed dabbling with the above don't on any account write and tell us all about it; get your teeth, while the fever is still on you, into another splendid blending of Christmassy and non-Christmassy material—the Significant Snowform, shown hereunder in one of many possible predicaments.

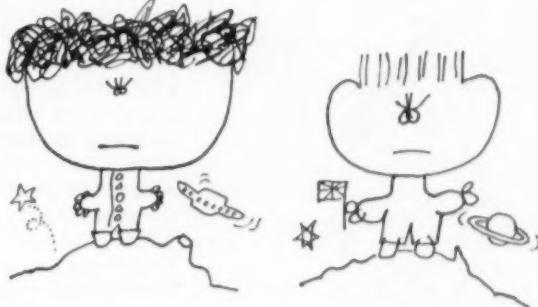
The Snowform may be traced from any volume of Contemporary Non-Sculpture, the beauty of it being that, unlike normal copied art, the more recognizable the original the better. Pattern of non-art infant overcoat and brief notes on garter-buttons, etc., can be supplied on demand.



WATCH THIS OUTER SPACE

No up-to-date non-artist these days can afford to ignore any of the many facets of space-life about which so much is now known in supersensible circles. It is most unfortunate that uninformed members of the public have been persuaded by unscrupulous humorous artists that outer space is densely populated by little non-men with eyes on the ends of corkscrews and heads imprisoned in goldfish bowls who are, of course, right outside the province of non-art and are in any case unsupported by a shred of scientific evidence. Non-art has always stood out for a true and undistorted representation of the known facts, and for this reason we advise those of you wanting to turn out easy but authentic examples of little non-earth men to call in your nearest child-art representative, who will be found to be an expert in this field and for a reasonable fee (prices in the West Country have been quoted at as low as two sherbet lemons) will supply simple prototypes of space personnel capable of easy non-art reproduction.

The two studies below (left) a small saucer-manning type and (right) a Space-Station-Master's son, to which I have added seasonable jokes and some non-earthly bodies to bring home the inwardness of the situation to the idiot fringe (not, the one being worn by the Space-Station-Master's son), are taken from the original sketches by seven-year-old child-space-artist Miss Mary Kiley of Highgate.



"And then behind these reindeer
there was what I can only describe
as a sort of flying sauceroad."

"Guess what I got
in my space-stocking."

Nothing now remains but for me to wish all those of you who have hacked your way through to the end of this non-article "A REAL NEW-FANGLED CHRISTMAS AND A PROSOPOPÆIAL NEW YEAR."

2 2

4-D Future

LONG has there been a prosperous race
Of men who've thrived on selling space.
Now, if the Government plan goes well,
There will be men with time to sell.
Oh, Einstein! can your fortunes fail,
When time and space are both for sale?

R. WOOLNOUGH

Christmas in New York

BY P. G. WODEHOUSE

WHEN I yielded to popular clamour and consented to write an article on Christmas in New York it was, I must confess, with the feeling that it would consist of the words "Christmas in New York is much about the same as Christmas anywhere else," which

would of course, have made the thing run a bit short. But now that my staff of researchers have rolled up with their material I begin to see that there are certain features of the festive season in these parts which distinguish it from the f. s. in—say—Ashton-under-Lyne or such places as Little-Wigmarsh-in-the-Dell and Higgleford-cum-Wortleberry-Beneath-the-Hill. One of these is the high pressure advertising of the department stores, which at this time of year take off the wraps and really let themselves go.

I don't want to do anyone an injustice, but the thought has sometimes crossed my mind that some of these department stores are trying to make money out of Christmas. I asked Mr. Macy and Mr. Gimbel and one or two other fellows about this, and they were horrified at the suggestion. "Absurd," said Mr. Macy. "Good heavens, no, dear old chap," said Mr. Gimbel. But I still have my doubts. I cannot help thinking that to certain persons in New York—I name no names—Christmas is not just a season of homely good will but an opportunity to gouge the citizenry out of what little savings it has managed to accumulate in the past year.

And the silly thing is that their efforts are wasted unless they happen to sell ties and scarves. New York at Christmas becomes a seething maelstrom of people buying each other scarves and ties. The man in the street reads an advertisement like

MEN ! ! ! !

Have you bought her her Christmas present yet?
She is expecting something good, remember.

Why not get her a

WILBERFORCE-KRAMER SELF-COMPENSATING CONCRETE MIXER
and watch her face light up?

and it leaves him unconvinced. "What shall we give Mabel?" says Mrs. John Doe. "A scarf," says Mr. John Doe. "And George?" "A tie," says Mrs. John Doe. While over at George and Mabel's it is being decided that what John and Mrs. John draw

respectively are a nice tie and one of those nice scarves. Unless, of course, both parties come to the conclusion that what will really be appreciated is a jolly Christmas card showing two cats playing the banjo in the snow.

Just at the moment there is something of a crisis in this matter of Christmas cards, due to the activities of the extremists. For some reason these last few years the normal-sized card has lost favour with the addicts, who have been going in either for things the size of the *New York Times* or minute objects of about the dimensions of a postage stamp, these last being considered cute. And the Post Office authorities have now exploded a bombshell by announcing that anything in an unsealed envelope measuring less than four inches by two and three-quarter inches will require three cents postage instead of the customary two cents. It has caused consternation in a million homes of those who believe in being cute at Christmas.

Christmas in New York brings out the Santa Clauses like flies. Go into any store, and there is a Santa Claus sitting in a chair with children crawling all over him. "Our humble heroes!" are the words that spring to my lips as I see them, for these stores are always warmly centrally heated, and you cannot be a Santa Claus without covering your face with beard and whiskers and padding yourself liberally about the middle. At the end of a business day these devoted men must feel like Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego, and also probably not unlike King Herod, a Biblical character of whose forthright methods I have heard several of them speak with admiration.

I interviewed one of them the other day in a drug store whether he had gone in his brief time off to refresh himself with a small wassail bowl.

"Don't you ever falter?" I asked.
He gave me a look.

"A Santa Claus who faltered," he replied stiffly, "would receive short shrift from the rest of the boys. Before you could say 'Saks Fifth





"Could I have a light, please?"

Avenue' he would find himself in a hollow square of his fellows, being formally stripped of his beard and stomach padding. We are a proud guild, we Santa Clauses, and we brook no weakness. Besides," he went on, "though the life of a department Santa Claus is admittedly fraught with peril, he can console himself with the reflection that he is by no means as badly off as the shock troops of the profession. Take the case of a Santa Claus in whose whiskers a child deposits his semi-liquefied chewing-gum."

"Not pleasant," I said.

"Far from pleasant," he agreed. "A man who has had to comb chewing-gum—or for the matter of that almond chocolate—out of the undergrowth at the close of the working day becomes a graver, deeper man. He has seen life. But do we quail?"

"Don't you quail?"

"No, sir, we do not quail. We say to ourselves that this is as nothing compared to what a man

like, for instance, Butch Oberholtzer has to go through. Butch is the Santa Claus attached to a prominent monthly magazine, and it is his task to circulate among the advertisers during Christmas week and give them a hearty greeting from his employers. Well, you know what sort of condition the average advertiser is in during Christmas week. A surfeit of office parties has left him a nervous wreck. Let so much as a small fly stamp its feet suddenly on the ceiling and he leaps like a jumping bean. You can picture his emotions, then, when as he sits quivering in his chair a Santa Claus steals up behind him, slaps him on the back and shouts 'Merry Christmas, old boy, merry Christmas!' On several occasions Butch has escaped with his life by the merest hair's breadth. I wonder if his luck can last."

"Let us hope so," I said soberly. He shrugged his shoulders.

"Ah, well," he said, "if the worst

happens, it will be just one more grave among the hills, and he will have done his duty." He finished his wassail bowl and rose. "Ho, hum," he said. "Back to the old grind."

I have little more to add. Oh, yes, the Yule log. The ceremony of bringing in the Yule log is one that—for reasons of space—has almost completely fallen into desuetude in New York, if desuetude is the word I want. Some lovers of the old customs still, I believe, bring in the Yule wooden toothpick, but even that is not generally done. You know what these modern apartments are like. You need every inch.

2 2

"Calculations show that the production cost of pulp and paper from tropical wood and agriculture residues can be higher, equal or in some cases even lower than the average production cost in Europe or North America."

Article in the Commonwealth Producer

We'd like to see the workings.

No Uncouth Rhymes—By Order

BY RICHARD BENNETT



RAY'S country churchyard at Stoke Poges, "far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife," lies, these days, a bare two miles from Slough Station: a short char-

banc ride (guide inclusive) from many London tourist offices. But there are no coaches in the car park, few visitors, in this sad mild afternoon in the fall of the year.

There is a monument to the poet, neatly palisaded by a wooden fence. Sodden chocolate paper has been trodden into the ground. "Sid loves Amy" has been scrawled across the base by an impious hand.

On the other side of an iron railing, a lowing herd, fourteen strong, munches and ruminates in what remains of the lea, "purchased" the guide informs, "by public subscription in order to preserve for all time the rural surroundings of the Country Churchyard." The busy sounds of nearby traffic linger on the still air. "And leaves the world to darkness and to me." Schoolroom memories of a poem as full, almost, of quotations as *Macbeth*, invade and haunt the mind.

*Beneath those rugged elms, that yew
tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a
mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever
laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet
sleep.*

But, surely, the aspect of the little churchyard is smoother, tidier than the imagination pictured it? The verger stands in the porch. He is small, thin-featured, still spry after a mere twenty-three years in the graveyard. It is a healthy occupation. Above his left shoulder a handwritten notice reads "DO NOT SLAM THIS ANCIENT (13TH CENT.) DOOR." The rugged elms? Where are they?

The verger, sexton and gravedigger too, starts forward briskly. Gone years ago, he says with satisfaction. Full of water, elms are. Rot and perish quickly. Not rugged at all. Branches fall—snap—just like that. It's lucky there wasn't a nasty accident.

And the mould'ring heaps? Ah, those mould'ring heaps. He laughs easily. The question is familiar. Done away with. Levelled off nicely, thank you. Proper mess, they were.

Difficult to clear, even with billhook and scythe. But now. He shrugs. Run the mower over and round easily. Mind you, in some churchyards they've levelled the place flat, and stuck the old gravestones round the edge. He doesn't hold with moving the stones. Not at Stoke. Not with the rude forefathers.

The yew tree is still there, though, shade and all. It stands in front of the porch with its old branches wired up by a tree specialist from Sussex. If you want a personal connection with the poet you can buy varnished paperweights made from the wood of this tree, and other objects carved by the verger's son from some branches which fell off some eight years ago. They sell well. The money goes towards the upkeep of the church. No, there is no danger of the supply of wood running out. None at all. "It was a powerful lot of timber fell down."

A middle-aged couple emerge from the church. They are holding hands. She pauses and looks round. A light mist is blurring the outlines of the graves and trees.

"Ah, Tom," she says, "it's so beautiful. So peaceful. I would like to rest here."

"Rest?" he says, looking round for a seat. "Rest? But the car's just down the road."

"No, I mean for ever."

He looks at her in alarm. "Come off it, old girl," he says. "Don't be morbid."

The verger watches them leaving with amused detachment. You'd be surprised, he says, at the people who want to be buried here: of many nations: all ages: both sexes. It cannot be done, of course. Not in Gray's churchyard. Gray's churchyard is closed for first interments by Home Office order.

By the Home Office? Surely not. Are police lurking behind the deodar to prevent desperate attempts at body-snatching in reverse?

Yes, it's the Home Office all right, the verger insists. Why, there was the case of a prominent man some years back. He bought a house in the neighbourhood. He contributed heavily to the restoration fund. He was a strong churchman,



and died suddenly at Ascot Races. In his will he stipulated that his body should be buried in Gray's churchyard. They argued the case, this way and that, for the whole of an afternoon at the Home Office. Did he get in? He did not. No path of glory leads to a grave in this churchyard.

But there seems to be room.

"That's what they all say," the verger complains wearily. "They don't think of the second interments. Now if you could prove that you had a relative here you might have a right. As a second interment."

He has recently been able to accommodate a lady in her father's grave in this manner. Not that he likes a second interment. The earth in the old churchyard is very fine, almost like dust.

"I've no proper shutting boards. Nothing like that here."

Digging deep is tricky work. The walls fall in. He is a small man. More than once, he has nearly buried himself. It is no joke. Yes, it's a hard life, friends, whichever way you look at it. The eye wanders over the levelled turf and the low orderly gravestones.

*Can storied urn, or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting
breath?*

Certainly not. But particularly not in Stoke Churchyard. We are not living in the middle ages. The place is properly organized these days. It is administered by a board of trustees.

Their orders are direct and precise: "Memorials may not exceed two feet in height: all designs for memorials desired to be erected in the graveyard must be submitted to the trustees for their approval: all curbs or enclosures of graves must be of uniform size: viz., for earth graves, six feet six inches by two feet six inches in width."

This is the admirable prosaic language that we have all learnt to respect and understand. The rest is just poetic licence.

*Yet ev'n these bones from insult to
protect
Some frail memorial still erected
nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless
sculpture deck'd
Implores the passing tribute of a
sigh.*



It is all very well. But what conscientious trustee could permit uncouth rhymes in a graveyard?

The old place is not the same at all. But you cannot stay the onward march of progress, even in the graveyard. On the other side of the church wall are the Stoke Poges Gardens of Remembrance. "The first of their kind in this country, the aim is to provide a living memorial, and a perfect resting place for the Ashes of the Dead in the peaceful setting of a garden . . . Each garden an individual sanctuary enclosed in acres that through the centuries have become the epitome of peace and beauty immortalized by the poet Gray."

Prices range from £30 for a

flower-bed to £900 for a stretch down by the lake near the golf course. Here, your ashes (no bodies please) may lie among rustic benches and bird baths in perpetuity. It is almost as good as being buried over the wall in the famous churchyard. In some respects, it is even better. There is no overcrowding, and the amenities are vastly superior to those described in the *Elegy*.

Heigh-ho!

"Doctor complains to a Council
"BUS CROWDS PEER INTO MY SURGERY""
Daily Dispatch

Surely the patients soon crowd him out again?

In the Service of Commerce

BY STELLA GIBBONS

TH E arguments about sponsored television have almost certainly put the sensitive and intelligent types more than ever on their guard against advertising. Subtler methods will have to be used to get through it. Latin tags, Greek tags, classical pseudonyms, sentences beginning with three dots and the kind of English that does not mean exactly what it says have all been tried, but still there is a feeling, especially in the offices of that great firm bearing the name of Mr. Claud

Hubris, that a strong and sullen advertising-resistance exists.

Maddened by the failure of a coloured photograph of Michelangelo's Moses sitting in a bunch of peonies to boost the sales of *Furioso*, a new tonic, Mr. Claud Hubris has been threshing about in search of even tonier methods. His boiled eyes having caught a reference to the perils threatening the pastime of reading, and to the poor sales of poetry books, he sent his people flying in search of novelists and poets

who might want to earn a little money.

Some weeks later the following piece, in very small coy type, appeared in a respectable newspaper. Its birth had not been easy, as the interpolated sections show. Its title was, simply, "Because . . ."

(Mr. Claud Hubris himself had chosen it, so there could be no argument about it with Angst Bert Miller, the novelist who had written the piece that followed. Mr. Hubris was so anxious for the piece to be a success that he was going through it line by line with the author. His people told Angst Bert Miller that he ought to be very flattered by C. H.'s interest.)

"Because . . ."

"That day. The day I saw Diana Davis first.

(In fact her name was Jessie, but C. H. insisted on Diana. He said there must be some relief.)

"A harsh wind cuffed the rotting nettles into brownish drift. Stubs and scraps drifted along the pooled upland road. In this world five hundred feet above the smooched towers of Smogley-the-dene any grace is casual and errant, and in a varying cloud of coloured feathers the hours attack."

(Here was inserted a photograph of Mrs. Davis; thirty-twoish, stoutish, hair worn in the usual British Birdsnest, planted four-square amidst two hundred and forty-seven Leghorns. Not, repeat NOT, smiling. Camerman and assistant had strict instructions about this, which took some time to enforce.)

"The tenuous light cuts the mists early up there and falls on raw beaks lifted agape for food. Her step strikes with a tong-like note, light yet resonant, on the old wood of the stair, and healthful sleep yet colours her lids. A finger charged with rich blood lifts the heavy hair from her forehead and the mist touches the unlined space revealed. She wades into the knee-high moving field of wings eyes yellow legs firmly. The day's weight strikes full on her . . ."

(Here there had occurred an argument between Mr. Hubris and Angst Bert Miller that lasted three days. The next word was belly, and Angst Bert Miller insisted that his integrity



"Parliament's in Christmas recess, but the Zoo's open . . ."



"Not the Dr. Kinsey?"

was involved. Mr. Hubris said that it would put people off Furioso. He knew that art nowadays was often realistic. When he was a boy things they wrote in books would have been vulgar but nowadays they were realistic, and that was how you could tell if a thing was art, even in books, if it was vulgar or realistic. But he could not have people put off Furioso. Angst Bert Miller insisted upon belly and things reached a deadlock. At last Mr. Hubris said it could be body, a word he did not much like, he preferred frame or physical, but better than belly.)

"body, and she scatters their dry swill in stinging showers. The tartish stench of chickens is always in her nostrils as she switches the day into place, and watches the plain statement of morning replaced by the stricter category of afternoon. An old football that the children, her children, have for months listlessly pitched against the ruinous walls that house four lean sows, lies deflated in the mud. As she moves

from room to room she sees their sly eyes lifted in mischief, and she rides the rigour of the day like the Comet. She is ebullient, and charged. The day that crawled up at five-thirty sinks into doubtful dusk and the casual wind smacks the grass about; she has struggled in it all afternoon, straining with the mower. Now the naked trees are unemphasized statements in a monotone, that murmur above the head of her returning man, full of Pools. There is no abatement of her vigour, and at midnight her step rings steadily, tong, tong, upon the wood of the old stair, and her lids are still unheavy above her eyes."

Angst Bert Miller was absolutely mad about this by the time he had finished it and did not want a word altered. But Mr. Hubris made one or two alterations. He put in the bit about the mower, saying it was more practical and would show she led the sort of life that cried out for Furioso. He said that she must not see a copy of the paper, because she would not want her children called

sly, and if she did see one, it might be better to tell his secretary to insert "and Mr. Davis's children" after that bit about her children. But she had better not see it. He congratulated Angst Bert Miller on getting in the references to healthful sleep and rich blood and vigour. And he marked the lay-out very carefully and elegantly, in tiny letters right at the very bottom on the extreme left-hand side:

Furioso. At All Shops of Quality.

3/9. Just ask for it.)



"He ignored the doctor, had electric shock treatment, and is back at work—and quite unorthodox work it is, for Evan is a self-taught skater. He has broken both ankles and broken a shoulder and is hair raising."

Sunday Times, Johannesburg

We'd advise some professional tuition.



DIARY OF A TRAMP

December Charity

BY RONALD DUNCAN

IT'S a principle of mine to steal rather than accept assistance. Thieving (or scronging, as I prefer to call it) brings out the best in a man; it keeps him independent and preserves his self-respect, whereas reliance on State assistance soon reduces him to servility and helplessness, vices which no poor man can afford. Of course charity is another matter, but in a Welfare State that virtue, having been turned into an obligation, is not easy to come by. To-day a man can grow fat on State assistance, and starve for lack of charity. And I think I can count myself as useful a member of society as any other, for, if it weren't for people like me, too proud to beg whenever I'm too tired to steal, charity would lack all encouragement and become a myth like chivalry.

And another reason why I always avoid going to a workhouse is I meet too many people whom I know there, those of the fraternity who button-hole me with their ailments and bore me with their sore feet, mere wrecks of vagrancy without a stout pair of boots among them.

That's the worst of Devonshire, especially in December. It's more than a man can do to scrounge his supper, let alone be given it. It's odd how people are like the scenery where they live: around Exmoor they're as hard as granite and bleak as the bracken. They never leave an odd egg in a hen-house, or a rabbit

in a trap, and if you knock at their door they're so mean it's as much as you can do to persuade them to give you an hour's sawing or gardening in return for a potato pasty supper. And when they do, then you find how indigestible honesty can be.

I don't think I managed to scrounge more than a dozen raw eggs all the way from Milverton to Lynton. And it's no joke gnawing frost-bitten sugar beet pulled from the edge of the clamp. It is better to have diabetes.

I was glad to reach Barnstaple. The estuary of the Taw and Torridge is one of the most graceful stretches of country I know, with all the modesty of little boats tied to the quays at Instow and Appledore. And after my roughing it out on the moor I was even glad to see the workhouse at Bideford, though I might have guessed Lazarus would be there.

He's what I call a ham tramp; for he's platitudinous in every detail, in that he caricatures the part which he portrays, with his fat unshaven double chin, his brimless hat and buttonless waistcoat. He even sports such obvious items as a large red handkerchief to carry his dinner in; and tucked into his top pocket is the usual packet of biblical throwaways. It's Lazarus's boast that he believes in only two things: the Assize Court and the Day of Judgment. And when the former doesn't send him up the line for a vacation in the second division, he manages to survive by purveying these tracts foretelling the latter.

There he sits now with a plate of fish and chips and a mug of tea beside him.

"Evening, Augustus," he says, as I sit on the form beside him.

"You know I don't like people to use my name."

"Sorry, Gus. Have some char."

While he pours it I notice the date on the large calendar pinned on the green distempered institutional wall. It's December 24th. I glance

furtively at Lazarus. I wonder if he'll be able to rise above it. I bet myself an ounce of shag he can't. I haven't long to wait.

"Don't say it," I beg, but too late. He's obvious in every detail.

"Well it looks like being Christmas Day in the workhouse," he announces, "and their bellies were full of beer."

I move off. I might at least have the consolation of that shag now. But before I can get out of the room the bore's got me by the lapel.

"You want a new pair of strides?"

"No, my trousers lack nothing in either modesty or cut."

"Come off it, Augustus, your shirt would be sticking out like a tail if you'd got a shirt. And how about some gnashers? I've got a fine line on gnashers." He grins to prove it, displaying a row of gravestone-like dentures where only the epitaphs are missing.

"If you want some new strides or some gnashers all you got to do is to make for some place like Cheltenham, for instance."

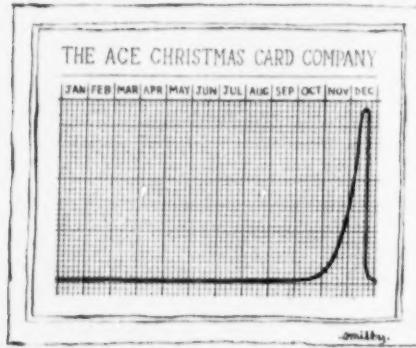
"What d' you do there?"

"You must go by rail. When they ask for your ticket, simply tell 'em that the railway's yours. And if they don't run you in for that, pull the communication cord same as I did and say you've dropped an aitch out of the window. And while the beak's waiting for you to be examined for insanity they fit you out with new strides, gnashers, boots and all. Just you look at these, real leather . . ."

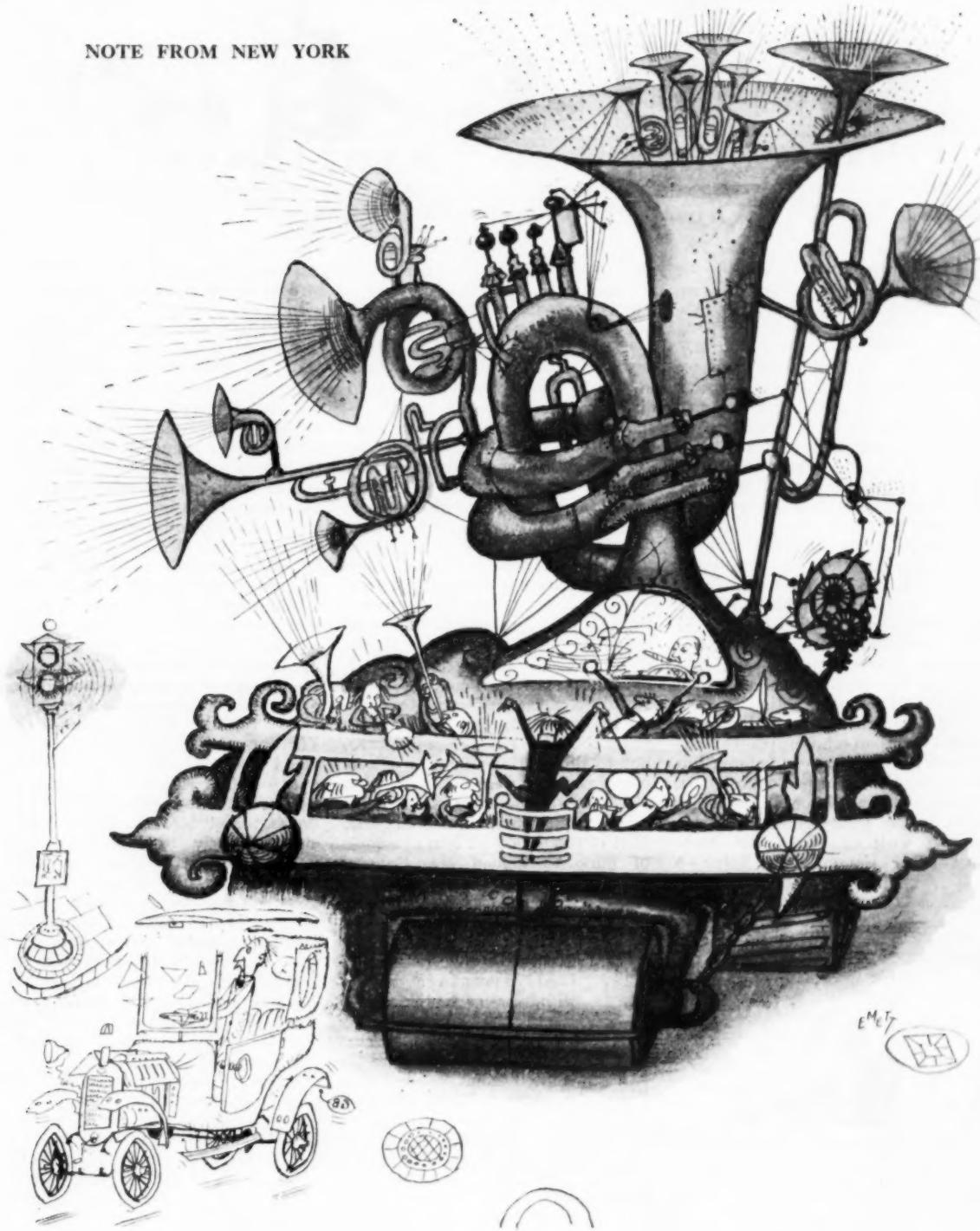
But between the moor and the bore, I prefer the former. I hurry out into the night. With no stars to guide me it'll need a miracle to find a manger, though even if I do, I don't suppose the child in me could be born again this Christmas night.



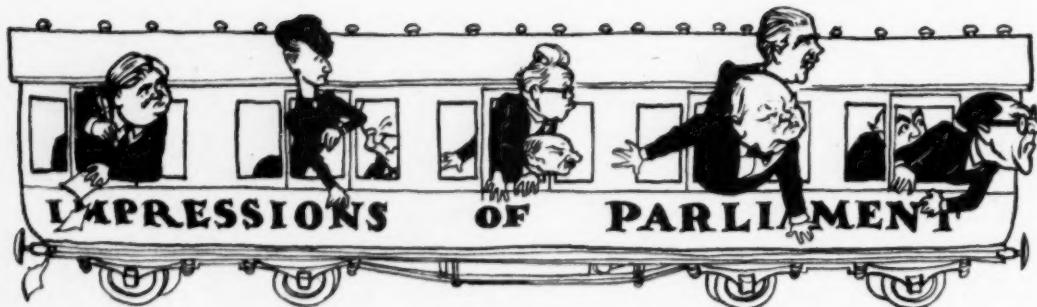
The word "tabloid," which appeared in a recent PUNCH article, is the registered trade-mark of the Wellcome Foundation Limited.



NOTE FROM NEW YORK



The gentleman at the head of the queue, failing to make required split-second get-away, is treated to the customary horn-concerto.

**Monday, December 14**

These, in the day when heaven was falling, the hour when earth's foundations fled, **House of Commons: Television** decided that the time had come to

spend two days discussing television—"perhaps one of the most important debates," said Mr. MORRISON, lightly brushing aside such topics as India, nationalized industries and the Health Service, "that we have had since the war." The first day uncovered little evidence of its importance. Mr. DAVID GAMMANS is perhaps not the most persuasive figure on the Government Front Bench, and he was subjected to an *obligato* of interruption that might have daunted many a doughtier speaker. However, he led the House through the White Paper and then sat back to hear its reaction.

Not surprisingly, the House did little more than echo the points made by the Peers a fortnight before (thus reversing the usual procedure). Mr. MORRISON chased for a long hour after some pretty familiar hares, ending with one from the Archbishop of Canterbury's hutch—a

request for a jolly get-together at a round table, and an appeal for a free vote about as disingenuous as some of the Prime Minister's.

The really significant note in the day's proceedings was the prelude in which the Opposition tried to discredit the votes of some unspecified Tory members on the ground of private interest. The Speaker was cagey about giving a ruling on an abstract case, but undertook to consider concrete ones.

Tuesday, December 15

The Government cannot have felt happy during the Lords' debate on a motion

House of Lords: Officers' Pensions about officers' pensions proposed in an admirable speech by Lord JEFFREYS.

Hardly a voice was found to plead for the unpopular decision, recently announced by the Prime Minister, not to do anything for the officers whose pensions were "stabilized" in 1934; on the contrary, voices were raised in all parts to condemn it. The Earl of SELKIRK ("it is no business of mine to defend Mr. Ramsay MacDonald") did his best for the Government with an intractable case; but no one can have felt that the matter was really done with when Lord JEFFREYS agreed to withdraw his motion.

In the Lower House, discussion on television continued. The Speaker exempted from the charge of personal pecuniary interest hon. Members engaged in the manufacture of wireless sets and in advertising, but the Opposition still chased their point. It was evident, even before Mr. PATRICK GORDON WALKER put the thought into words, that Labour's real objection was that "there is big money in

this"—a consideration that in Socialist eyes carries automatic damnation with it. Various new points, more or less telling, were made. Mr. NESS EDWARDS threatened the Home Secretary that if he allowed the programmes to degenerate "Wales will never forgive him." Mr. WALTER ELLIOT contributed some entertaining pages from the life of Lord REITH. Sir LESLIE PLUMMER declared an interest in a programme company and then did his best to ensure that it would never go into business. Mr. CHRISTOPHER MAYHEW, without benefit of apes, advanced four windy arguments against the Government scheme that clearly convinced himself, if no one else.

At the end of his lucid winding-up, Sir DAVID MAXWELL FYFE had the misfortune to overshoot the hour of ten and so unfastened a Pandora's box of trouble. While he looked on with the aghast expression of a man who has accidentally pushed his wife over a cliff, shouts and counter-shouts rang out from both sides; Mr. ATTLEE and Mr. MORRISON leapt simultaneously to their feet and nearly knocked one another over; and the usually urbane Captain CROOKSHANK went crimson with mortification. Some of the "personal impressions" of hon. and right hon. Members to the effect that Sir DAVID had sat down before ten o'clock, when he was actually interrupted in mid-sentence by the Speaker's "Order, order," can only be described as naughty. The Speaker, at any rate, ruled that the motion had been talked out.

Wednesday, December 16

Lord SIMON touched off a useful discussion when he proposed a motion expressing his disagreement with the proposal in the report of the Royal Commission on capital punishment that jurors



"Personal pecuniary interest."

should have the responsibility of deciding between execution and imprisonment for convicted murderers. The very thought of such a *bêtise* led the Lord Chief Justice to the threat of resignation; only Lord TEMPLEWOOD found the proposal tolerable.

The Opposition motion in the Commons over the Government's handling of events in Africa was hamstrung from the very beginning. Mr. JAMES GRIFFITHS menaced Mr. LYTTELTON with a tired hedgehog of blunt pinpricks; and Mr. LYTTELTON rose to the challenge with one of the best speeches of his parliamentary career. Quietly but forcibly he met such petty accusations as having sent a telegram to the Chief Secretary of somewhere-or-other, when it should have gone to someone else, with the disdain they deserved, and justified his and the Government's Colonial record to the hilt. Perhaps Mr. GRIFFITHS was not the ideal man to launch the attack; at all events when Sir FRANK SOSKICE came to wind up for his side he was patently tacking patches over Mr. GRIFFITHS's threadbare arguments. Sir FRANK's contribution was a prolonged sneer, and it is kindest to assume that his heart was not in it.

After the motion of censure had

been voted on and lost, the subject of television policy naturally came up. As soon as it did so, Mr. BUCHAN-HEPBURN leapt to his feet and moved the closure. There was dispute; the House divided; the Government won; and the question was put. The Government won again, and the Opposition amendment was defeated. It was all very noisy. It became even noisier, but more amiably so, when Sir WALTER MONCKTON announced his "success" with the railwaymen.

Thursday, December 17

Ever since he came home, Sir WINSTON CHURCHILL has been stall-

House of Commons : Macédoine des Affaires Etrangères

ing off questions with a promise to tell all in the debate. Yet when it came to the point he had not much to say, though he said it in his most genial manner, "like a Father Christmas," said Mr. ATTLEE, "without any presents." He called for further patience about Egypt (a call that was ignored in the House, wherever else it may have been heard), and expressed a hope of wider exchanges of information with the U.S. over atomic energy; and he ensured his further inviolability by adding "I hope I shall not tempt anyone to ask questions which it would not be in the public interest to answer." Mr. ATTLEE answered him in the same genial strain, and then the vaudeville began.

CAPTAIN WATERHOUSE went in first, and put forward the views on

Egypt of the Tory "pressure group." Then Mr. BEVAN made a long exculpatory statement about his Egyptian articles, which relied chiefly on a counter-attack against the Prime Minister, but would have done better to rely on the innocuous quality of the articles (if his own quotations from them were truly representative—which later appeared doubtful). Attacks now moved in from all sides: Mr. MACLAY attacked Mr. BEVAN, Sir RICHARD ACLAND attacked something no one could quite discern, Viscount LAMPTON attacked the pressure group, Mr. MARTIN LINDSAY attacked Mr. BEVAN again and got him screaming with excitement, Mr. TOM DIBBERG attacked Mr. LINDSAY and Senator McCarthy, Mr. RICHARD CROSSMAN attacked everybody, and Mr. FITZROY MACLEAN attacked Mr. CROSSMAN. Finally the Foreign Secretary poured water on the troubled waters, and the debate ended, as in the celebrated affair of the Jackdaw of Rheims, without anyone seeming one penny the worse.

Friday, December 18

Six motions on the adjournment were down for hearing on a rigid and somewhat nar-

House of Commons : The Enthusiasts

row timetable, and the hon. Members who had put them down had to stay in and debate them while the others went away for their Christmas holiday. It was an object-lesson against excess of zeal.

B. A. YOUNG





BOOKING OFFICE

Ruinenlust

Pleasure of Ruins. Rose Macaulay.
Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 25/-

ONE of the few activities that the modern world can claim to carry on in a manner in no way inferior to the great works of the past is in the creation of ruins. London remains since the war, especially in its more ancient quarters, largely a ruined city; while changed social circumstances, assisted by the exigencies of political theory, have already done much to turn the mansions, manor houses, and cottages of the countryside into ruins too. The willow herb steals over the bombed site, mildewed strips of once expensive wallpaper flap through the remnants of an Adams doorway above foundations from which some Georgian house has been removed like an extracted tooth. We can all feel we are genuinely taking part in the process that gives Miss Rose Macaulay her fascinating subject.

There may be those who do not share in the melancholy delight of ruins; those, indeed, who find them even rather embarrassing, which may perhaps explain the name-cutting, banana skins, lemonade bottles, and general air of bad manners so often associated with ruined places. Ruins are a challenge to individual egotism, especially to the life of action, just as they are inevitable monuments to the decay of human effort. All the same, their attraction cannot be entirely explained by moralizing. There is something inherently beautiful in ruined shapes. It is hard to believe that Poseidon's Temple at Sunium could ever have been so beautiful in its complete form as it is to-day.

Miss Macaulay deals with all these questions with unexampled skill. Her book is a rare and delightful pleasure, because she combines in it so many different and, one might have supposed, mutually exclusive aspects.

To begin with, her actual survey of the ruins of the world is masterly. We are never conscious of being on

a personally conducted tour, and yet, as the pages turn, we find we have travelled from Babylon to Poblet, from Teotihuacan to the Great Zimbabwe, effortlessly and enthralled. There is always time for Miss Macaulay to administer a slap to Marie Bashkirtzeff (who visited Rome in 1876) and was "really only interested in her personal affairs," or to point out that the epithet "suburban" in ancient Antioch "must

workmen have been knocking down, destroying and exterminating the town of Sparta . . . I have only four more towers to demolish . . . Imagine if you can, in what joy I am."

Different travellers possess, naturally, contrasting standards in their interests and views regarding antiquity. For example, Miss Macaulay quotes Murray's guide book to Syria of a hundred years ago which, speaking of Apamea, refers to "a modern castle, not older than crusading times. It stands upon the top of a mound and possesses nothing of interest." To others, on the other hand, the Gothic castle seemed the height of all that a ruin should be:

*Bless'd too is he who, midst his tufted trees,
Some ruin'd castle's lofty towers sees.*

The thought of the ruins of Sybaris buried deep in the mud is a pleasure for the mind rather than the eye. The rival city of Croton, having razed the place, diverted the river over its temples and courts. The home town of the pleasure-lovers is now probably too deep for recall. "Those prodigious prodigies and mad Sybaritical spendthrifts," Robert Burton called them. Miss Macaulay ponders on what might be discovered in a town where invitations to dinner were dispatched for a year ahead, so important was a Sybarite dinner-party; and where the inhabitants turned away their eyes, or even swooned, if they saw someone engaged in manual labour.

Coleridge's Xanadu, so it appears, is now a ruin some hundred and eighty miles north of Peking. Interesting social problems connected with the distribution of Labour are raised by speculation on the agency for obtaining Abyssinian maids there.

Miss Macaulay stands no nonsense from anyone, even Baedeker who "with the fatuous inapprehensiveness that on occasion overtook this great man, remarks of Delos 'the excursion is interesting only to archaeologists.' On the contrary: Delos is, of all places, calculated to capture the imaginations of those who do not know an exedra from a metope, Doric from Corinthian, and



have had a very different connotation from that which it has somehow acquired to-day," on account of Antioch's suburb, Daphne, a neighbourhood described as "a perpetual festival of vice."

Strange figures flit through the pages. That Whig Duke of Norfolk who built two sham ruins on his estate in 1780, and with that curious British delight in his country's embarrassments overseas, with which we are no less familiar in our own time, named them Bunker's Hill and Fort Putnam. To-day a similar liberally minded tycoon would perhaps call his ruins Abadan and Mau-Mau. Then there was the Abbé Fourmont, "who, sent to Greece in 1729 by Louis XV to copy inscriptions, embarked (according to himself) from religious zeal on an orgy of destruction: 'For over a month thirty, and sometimes forty or sixty

could not care less what columns in antis are."

It is hard to do justice to this book which combines travel, history, and bland, biting comment in an altogether enjoyable manner. The illustrations are notably excellent.

ANTHONY POWELL

The Creative Element. Stephen Spender. *Hamish Hamilton*, 15/-

Fifteen years ago Mr. Stephen Spender demonstrated in his book *The Destructive Element* that a taste for Henry James was not incompatible with a Marxist view of politics. His new book *The Creative Element* shows that a lively appreciation of fashionable authors can coincide with the belief that "politics should be Christian." The new book began as lectures given from the Elliston Chair of Poetry at Cincinnati, and the second title is "A study of vision, despair and orthodoxy among some modern writers."

Mr. Spender begins with Arnold, who combines vision with despair, and ends with Mr. Eliot, who combines despair with orthodoxy. Somewhere in the middle are Orwell and Mr. Waugh, representing chiefly despair, and Rimbaud, Rilke, Yeats, Lawrence and Mr. Forster representing presumably vision. Many original and interesting points are made, but the book is not always well knit together, and there are some unhappy phrases: for example, of the poem *Easter, 1916*, Mr. Spender says that Yeats's suspicion of the Irish martyrs' cause "concretizes the image of the heart of stone." Surely it could not be the creative element which would render concrete (if that is what the neologism means) something that was already stone?

M. C.

The Lying Days. Nadine Gordimer. *Gollancz*, 12/6

This very fine South African novel is built round a fairly common kind of middle-class upbringing. A mine official's daughter rebels against her stuffy environment and escapes to a love affair among bohemian "progressives," only to become disillusioned with them too and then to find a little of what she has been seeking in an old friend, a highly integrated Jew. Miss Gordimer works away at this hackneyed stuff with a high pressure of intelligence and sensibility. She describes race relations, the predicament of the liberal in a disintegrating society, the rival claims of the personal and the public and the stages of a love affair as freshly and brilliantly as she does the sun on warm sand or the movement of a male neck.

Miss Gordimer does not create character; perhaps she is still too excitedly producing her separate observations to invent; but it would be playing at criticism to hunt up faults

to weigh against the virtues. South Africa, like Ireland or Attica, may not be a comfortable place to live in but it has become a nursery of genius.

R. G. G. P.

The Men Who Ruled India : The Founders. Philip Woodruff. *Cape*, 30/-

The Founders is the first part of an account of the civil officers of British India. Mr. Woodruff's intention is to deal with the men themselves, abstracted as far as possible from their larger historical background. When this is adhered to, the abstraction necessarily makes difficulties. When it is not, Mr. Woodruff is writing history or nothing; and it seems to me that a man who served there is largely disqualified from writing the history of British India. Many who served have added their personal testimony to the record; and this kind of book is valuable not as historical writing but as raw material for the ultimate historian.

The Founders, despite its wider scope, is to be read as in this category. The attitude is reminiscent even when the treatment is historical. It is very good reading, full of that glow which is the unmistakable mark of a man in love with his subject. I hope it will not meet with criticism of a type which, because of a basic uncertainty of purpose, it seems to me to invite but to be unprepared for.

P. M. H.

The House of Gair. Eric Linklater. *Cape*, 10/6

No more than Hilaire Belloc does Mr. Linklater "seem to mind that each of his books is of a different kind." *The House of Gair* is not a bit like *Mr. Byculla*, but then *Mr. Byculla* was not a bit like *Private Angelo*. One thing, however, all his works have in



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common: they are well written, and addressed to the discerning reader.

It would be unfair to recount his latest plot, which depends largely on suspense; it deals chiefly with rogues who are trying to find new methods of making literature pay. The narrator is a little weakly drawn; on paper at least it is hard to sympathize with a cuckolded husband; but the numerous villains are truly visualized and well described, and the interior of the sinister house is placed before the reader with an immediacy of concrete description worthy of Dickens. This is Mr. Linklater at his best as a craftsman, in a book which deals largely with the craft of letters.

A. D.

The Year of the Lion. Gerald Hanley. *Collins*, 10/6

Zebra drives and lion hunts, a young man suffering his initiation into the complications of love and the problems of Africa—Mr. Hanley is a writer removed from his Kiplingesque origins by half a century of psychological discoveries and Imperial decline. The white man's burden carried by his East African settlers is a sense of their own inadequacy. It's a nice life out here, they say, but it can't last. "Everyone's a bit gone in the nut. It's the country." Tough old Major Fawn-Cochley spends sleepless nights trying to discover whether there is a life after death; Louis Brinden turns to drink and his wife to young men; old Doc Punter says Africans and Europeans must co-operate.

Mr. Hanley shows much of Kipling's technical knowledge and sympathy in writing of wild animals, and his powerful straightforward prose conveys very well the excitement and dangers of the hunt. *The Year of the Lion* is a first-class adventure story, which offers also very many intelligent observations on Africa.

J. S.

The Rebel. Albert Camus. *Hamish Hamilton*, 18/-

M. Camus traverses as a philosopher the ground which he has already covered as a novelist. It is an analysis, metaphysical and historical, of the rebellion against religious orthodoxy and political order which has been in progress since 1789. Having disengaged the creative from the nihilistic forces implicit in rebellion, he enumerates the victories which up till now nihilism has gained in the individual and the State, and points to the one principle which, he believes, will enable rebellion to remain true to itself: the "Mediterranean" rule of moderation.

This is an eloquent book, but its best passages have been written by M. Camus the novelist, not by M. Camus the political philosopher. His arguments are not always clear or

convincing, and are not made easier for the English reader by the fact that they have sometimes been too difficult for the translator.

A. M.

Sir John Moore. Carola Oman. Hodder and Stoughton, 42/-.

When she embarked on her fine life of Nelson, Miss Carola Oman was challenging a host of rivals. With Sir John Moore she is virtually on virgin soil, for his brother's book about him has long been forgotten. Though military historians have ranked him high among the captains, the popular fame of the hero of Corunna has rested on the momentary inspiration of an obscure Irish parson. Miss Oman has brought him splendidly back to life. Industry and luck have given her a wealth of new material, of which she has made most admirable use.

Her long and spacious book is packed with vivid detail, which never obscures the larger outlines of her theme. She moves easily from the military field to the political, and among the intimacies of family and social life. She sets her main portrait in a gallery of miniatures as lively and convincing as itself. A strong imagination is never allowed to exceed the warrant of the evidence. This is a book to be lived in as in a first-rate novel and accepted as authentic history.

F. B.

Gardeners and Astronomers. Edith Sitwell. Macmillan, 8/6

To the newcomer Dr. Sitwell's poetry may seem to suffer from an excess of vision; the thick and intricate mosaic of images bewilders meaning, especially when, as in this book, all the poems consist of almost the same themes, phrases and words in a different order.

The method is more akin to music than language. So it is surprising, to the newcomer at any rate, to find that some of the arrangements of the same words are very exciting and some not at all, and that the sum of these verbal permutations is a book of excellent poetry.

P. D.

Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, 1951-53. Reinhardt, 18/-.

Three years' work at Stratford are here reviewed in splendidly evocative photographs by Angus McBean, which reveal among other interesting feats and foibles of make-up the way in which Harry Andrews, that master of presence, builds on the nose that nature gave him. Readers rightly captivated by the pictures (which include a record of this year's New Zealand—Australia touring company) should also give proper attention to Ivor Brown's introduction, a piece of robustly analytical writing free of the word-tricks which sometimes tempt him to an easy effect. The captions to the pictures are not well arranged, but there is no other fault to find.

J. B. B.

AT THE PLAY

A London Actress (Arts)

OUR habit is to label all melodrama of the cloak-and-whisker variety as Victorian, but as usual the Arts has improved our education. EMMA LITCHFIELD's name is lost in the great slough of the theatre, yet this redoubtable woman wrote about ninety plays, touring them triumphantly through the provinces without ever bothering to come to town. *A London Actress*,

recently discovered by the Webber-Douglas School, is set surprisingly in 1904. Not noticing this date until the interval, I put the play much earlier; indeed it might almost have been a Tom Taylor in a later dressing.

Emma knew her business. Murder, suicide, jealousy, injured innocence and ruin; she gave prime value for money, and wasted no time. Because she had chosen to make her villain a woman, a sinister adventuress who tossed away the husks of bankrupt subalterns like old hats and stopped at nothing on a cash basis, conventional seduction was out; in reverse it is bravely attempted, but the gallant naval officer for whom this vampire burns is already basking in the love of a pure girl, and so is temporarily blind to the special significance of sofas. It takes six packed scenes for Good to lay Evil an unplayable stymie, but all the time we are learning about life.

There are two ways in which such a collector's oddity can be attacked, the straight and the burlesque. CHARLES HICKMAN has gone for the latter, and although he gets a good deal of fun from it I think he would have got more if he had played the piece at its face value. Two of his cast very nearly succeed in doing so, and they are far the most effective. JOAN HAYTHORNE is much better than a cardboard villainess; she has the depth and power of a Wilkie Collins character. And ALAN MACNAUGHTAN, as the trapped young Fusilier, moves us absurdly to indignation. But in the other—and easier—line of business PETER COBLEY, TOM GILL and WOLFE MORRIS rag our ancestors agreeably.

Recommended

Whole-heartedly, *A Question of Fact* (Piccadilly), the new Wynyard Browne. *A Day by the Sea* (Haymarket) meanders wisely, in very skilful hands. The pick of the crime plays is Agatha Christie's *Witness for the Prosecution* (Winter Garden). ERIC KEOWN

AT THE PICTURES

The Kidnappers
The Golden Coach

THE emphasis in *The Kidnappers* (Director: PHILIP LEACOCK) is on childhood in the same way as it was in *Les Jeux Interdits*; and there are other resemblances between the two films. The most obvious one is that each depends very much on a child of five miraculously responsive to direction. Young VINCENT WINTER, the central character in this instance, has already made the news columns, where he is freely spoken of as an important discovery with a stupendously profitabile future.

But that is irrelevant to this film, which, to be sure, the infant's performance makes remarkable, but which



"That's right—watch the birdie."



Dary—VINCENT WINTER

The Baby—MICHAEL HEATHCOAT

(The Kidnappers)

is by no means merely a one-child show. It is a story of a simple community of Scottish and Dutch people in Nova Scotia, just after the South African war, when the two little sons of a dead soldier come to live with their grandfather. The old man is a stern puritan character who allows them no fun and disappoints all their hopes of animal companionship: the only animals he has on his farm are either hard-working or edible, and he will not hear of their having a dog.

When they find a lost baby in the woods, therefore, they hide it and keep quiet about it, regarding it as their pet and feeding it on goat's milk smuggled away from the farm. It is this that makes them technically "the kidnappers," and brings the elder of the two (who is eight) to solemn trial for his crime.

A subsidiary theme concerns the old man's daughter and the local doctor, a Dutchman whom she loves but whom her father hates as "a Boer" responsible for killing his son. Inevitably perhaps the device by which the story is rounded off (causing the grandfather to realize the way he has been spoiling other lives, and to stop doing it all of a sudden, like Scrooge) seems rather too contrived; but the film is a good one. It is well acted not only by the talented youngsters (the eight-year-old is JON WHITELEY, who was in *Hunted*) and by DUNCAN MACRAE as the dominant old man, but by JEAN ANDERSON as the surreptitiously kindly grandmother and by ADRIENNE CORRI as the frustrated daughter.

As for what the director has been able to do with the children (helped by MARGARET THOMSON, who gets a credit for coaching them), it must be seen and heard to be believed.

The Golden Coach (Director: JEAN RENOIR) is a somewhat odd production. It is an Italian film, but made in English with a number of English players; the setting is a Spanish colony in South America in the eighteenth century; the director, of course, is French; and the story is in a mannered artificial style quite unlike what he is usually concerned with.

ANNA MAGNANI appears as the leading lady of a troupe of Italian players, and the amorous Spanish viceroy of the colony (DUNCAN LAMONT) causes much local consternation by making her a present of the magnificent golden coach he was supposed to keep to dazzle the natives. Two other suitors are after her (it sums up the style of the film that they are listed only as "The Young Officer" and "The Bullfighter"), but at last, after a good deal of romantic by-play, she refuses them all and devotes herself to her Art.

This is described as "Italy's first Technicolor film in English" and there are some pleasing colour effects, though whether the predominance of reddish and pinkish tones is characteristically Italian or designed for this particular film I don't know. It's all unimportant, but entertaining.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

M. Hulot's Holiday (25/11/53), *Julius Caesar* (18/11/53) and *The Conquest of Everest* are still the outstanding London programmes.

Of the new releases, the only one reviewed here is *A Day to Remember* (18/11/53), a simple episodic group story about a London darts team's day trip to Boulogne.

RICHARD MALLETT

AT THE BALLET



Ballets de Paris de Roland Petit (STOLL)

TO say that Miss LESLIE CARON modestly sustaining the principal rôle in *La Belle au Bois Dormant* appears throughout in the character of a tight-rope dancer is indication enough that neither CHARLES PERRAULT's fairy tale nor TCHAIKOVSKY's music has influenced either Messrs. ROLAND PETIT and CHARLES ADAM, who devised the new work, or Mr. HENRI DUTILLEUX, who composed its music. But when all else is changed there must yet remain the kiss of the suitor which will waken and win the sleeping beauty, as the earth is wakened from winter sleep by the sun's kiss.

The new Ballet, having its world première in London, has this in common with the other works in the company's repertory, that it engages the eye delightfully, from the moment the curtain rises to disclose an enchanting setting—the creation, as are the dresses, of Mr. ANDRÉ BEAUREPAIRE. The scene is a fair-ground, a tight-rope on the one hand, the "Sleeping Beauty" side-show (with its bed from which a lady is tipped out when the cock-shier hits the bull's eye) on the other, and a glittering and romantic circus vista in between. As film-goers know, Miss CARON has most beguiling gifts of innocence and pathos. Returning to the ballet as the young girl on the fair-ground tight-rope, there is about the waif that gamine which we English find particularly appealing in the French.

Rejected as a suitor, the owner of the side-show (Mr. SERGE PERRAULT) arranges for the wife to break and throw the little dancer to the ground. Unconscious, she is carried to the "Sleeping Beauty" bed, there to be awakened and won by a ring attendant (Mr. PETIT) from a neighbouring circus.

The story is charmingly told in mime and with high professional polish. There is not a movement, or an accessory to the scene, which does not contribute its point. It is first-rate theatre subtly flattering the audience as much by what it is left to supply as by what is portrayed. Yet once again we are disappointed. Though he has provided most engaging excellencies of music, décor, comedy, drama, wit and beauty, Mr. PETIT has again been sparing in the exercise of his special talent as a choreographer. *La Belle au Bois Dormant*, unlike some other of Mr. PETIT's new pieces, inclines more to ballet than to cabaret; but there is still too little dancing to enable a ballerina to show her quality. Mr. PETIT long ago gave proof of his outstanding talent. He should at the least be equal partner with the other collaborators in his brilliantly imaginative productions. C. B. MORTLOCK



ON THE AIR

Star Value

THE other week one of the regular members of the "What's My Line?" team fell sick and had to scratch. The whole nation—or so it seemed—went into a huddle, overtaken by a communal *frisson* of expectation. Who would be invited to make up? Who would sit second from the left on television's Olympus? Would it be Miss A, fresh from her triumphant three weeks in Parlour Game 308/A62? Or Miss B, voted one of the top ten quiz mistresses in the recent *Sunday* — poll of public opinion? Would it be Miss C, Miss D (both of the "Light"), or would it be some new glamorous star or starlet of stage or silver screen? We held our breath, waded through pages of newspaper comment and prediction, and counted the hours.

And then it was Sunday night. The newcomer (a film actress) was clearly nervous, and five million and more viewers bit their lips in anguish. The newcomer muffed her lines, and we keened our sorrow. The newcomer looked desperately unhappy: the prize was slipping away. Fame and fortune were almost in her lap—the long-term contract, the advertisements, the columnar chit-chat, the sponsoring of this and that, the magazine articles, interviews, bazaars and ballyhoo—and she couldn't find the right words to clinch the bargain.

Then came Mrs. Blogg of Bletchley, a challenger of humour and substance, and the newcomer *guessed* that Mrs.

Blogg was a signal-woman. Oh, happy day! A great sigh of relief whistled through suburbia, antimacassars were thrown into the air, backs were slapped, and celebratory bonfires of tobacco were re-kindled.

Thirty years ago our heroes were the great figures of literature. Our men of distinction were successful novelists and playwrights—Shaw, Wells, Bennett, Chesterton, Galsworthy,

Southey! thou should'st be living at this hour

IT was a famous settlement, old Monckton's work was done,

And locomotive engineers won't spoil our Christmas fun.
At Kings Cross and at Paddington will they the story tell
How everything is as before and all will soon be well.
Speak N.U.R.! Speak R.C.A.! Speak A.S.L.E.F.!
Come! Are you sleeping down below? Or merely
playing deaf?

LAWRENCE BENEDICT

Walpole, Belloc and company. The newspapers feted them, paid them fabulous sums to air their views on anything and everything. (Arnold Bennett to A. N. Monkhouse of the *Manchester Guardian*: "Be it known to you, my dear Monkhouse, that I have rather more journalistic work than I can do at the rate of 2s. a word, . . . The 'M.G.' offers me rather less than 2d. a word, and it will not do.") The writers were the sages, prophets and entertainers of the day, and their success was built on industry and intelligence.

To-day our heroes and heroines are all—or nearly all—the shadowy creatures of the screens. The popular newspapers no longer throw open their pages to the celebrities of the literary

world; their plums, and those of commerce, are reserved for the sponsored stars of the B.B.C. Sponsored? Yes, though unintentionally. The B.B.C. now monopolizes star value: it can make or break far more easily than any take-over bidder, publisher, film mogul or Press baron. The B.B.C. controls programmes that can convert hacks into stars in a single performance. A pretty puss, a facile grin or a ready flow of monosyllables may be quite enough to elevate some undeserving mortal from obscurity to celebrity, from rags to riches. And this tendency—in a society geared ostensibly to an equalitarian system of incentives and sanctions—must be considered distinctly disquieting.

My point (I insist that there is one) is that the national "crush" on the stars of TV is both unwholesome and unifying. A few appearances on "In the News" are now far more important to a politician's career than years of devoted backroom service, and a turn in "What's My Line?" is more of a breadwinner than laborious days over a typewriter, on the rostrum or in the pulpit.

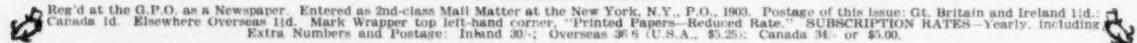
Can anything be done about it? Not, I suggest, so long as the road to stardom is restricted to television's single-track monopoly. The only way to reduce this ridiculous artificial star value is to open up the market. Under conditions of free competition TV's inflated heroes and heroines would soon feel the pinch, and televiwers would soon become immune to Sunday night hysteria.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



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Reg'd at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Entered as 2nd-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., P.O., 1903. Postage of this issue: Gt. Britain and Ireland 1d.; Canada 1d. Elsewhere Overseas 1½d. Mark Wrapper top left-hand corner, "Printed Papers—Reduced Rate." SUBSCRIPTION RATES—Yearly, including Extra Numbers and Postage: Inland 30/-; Overseas 36/- (U.S.A., \$5.25); Canada 34/- or \$5.00.



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HOMEMAKERS QUIZ

Do you deserve full marks when it's a question of keeping the home fires burning?

*Are you making the most
of your solid fuel this winter?
Is it giving you nice warm rooms,
really hot water, better cooking?
Any doubts at all? Then read
these modern answers to each of
your home heating problems!*



Q How does this cooker put you ahead of your husband?
A Its big, efficient hotplates cut down your breakfast cooking time and its built-in boiler gives water so hot he's tempted to dawdle in the bathroom.

Q Can a room be warm all over—free from ankle-freezing draughts and chilly corners?
A The new convector fires not only radiate cheerful glowing heat, but also circulate warm air into every corner of the room. Looking after these fires is the

essence of simplicity. They stay in day and night and, with some, ashes need clearing no more than twice a week.



Q Do you like an open fire, but grudge the fuel it burns?
A The latest openable stoves are for you! Front open—a cheery blaze—quickly. Front closed—steady warmth throughout the room... and much more of it for your money. These stoves can be either built-in or free-standing.

Q Can you cook efficiently on the fire that warms your room?
A You can indeed. This combination

grate is one of several that give a pleasant open fire in the kitchen-living room, heat the oven and supply plenty of really hot water.



Q What is the hidden advantage of this handsome modern grate?
A It heats more rooms than one. A specially large back boiler provides hot water for a couple of radiators in kitchen, bathroom or bedrooms, as well as for hot water taps throughout the house.

Q Why are more and more people looking for this yellow sign?
A Because it is displayed by merchants who will give you free expert advice on home heating by solid fuel, show you the very latest solid-fuel-burning appliances, arrange for correct installation and give you first-class service.

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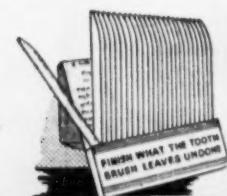
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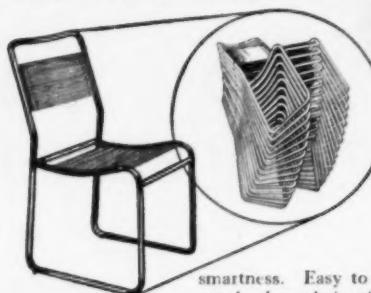
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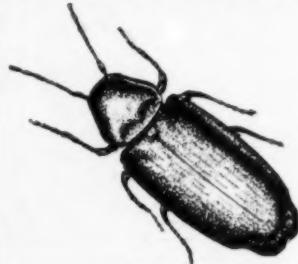
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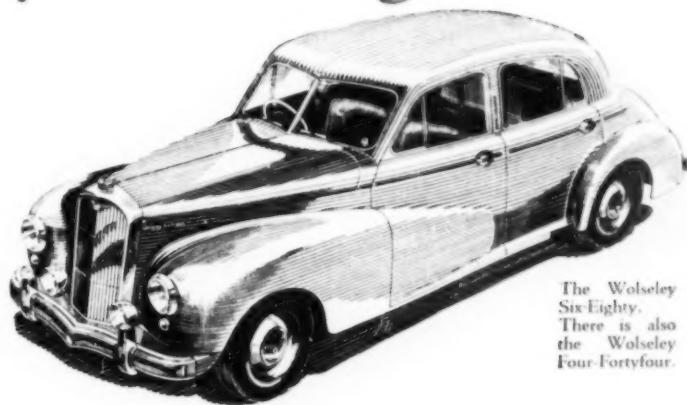
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